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## LUBECK.

ONCE THE QUEEN CITY OF THE HANSEATIC LEAGUE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF MARMIER.

TRULY the grandeur and poetry of commerce have departed ! The time has passed when Lubeck combatted gallantly in defence of liberty ; when her citizens were soldiers, and her burgomasters marched as generals at the head of their respective corporations. Fugitive princes crowd no longer within her gates, seeking the protection of this proud republic. The time too has passed away when she graced, with the adornments of art, her works of daily usefulness ; when the patient hand of Architecture chiselled the proportions of her numerous edifices, and the spires of Gothic churches rose high toward heaven, as the lasting monuments of new and signal triumphs. This period of youth and adventure, this artist life, has long since departed ; and yet, to the eye of the traveller, there is much of interest in this once queen city of the merchant world. It is true, the crown that once adorned her brows has faded in the lapse of time ; but the brightness of her history is still written out upon her walls, and memory will ponder over it with many a delightful reminiscence.

It was one of the Counts of Holstein who laid the foundations of Lubeck, destined to become so soon a centre of civilization, and formidable bulwark of Christianity. Its situation was most fortunate. At its base flowed the river Trave, while the Baltic, at no great distance, was spread out before it, offering an easy channel for rapid aggrandizement. Its vessels speedily monopolized the commerce of the North ; but its constantly increasing importance attracted the jealousy of neighboring nations, and it was forced to arms, to resist the designs of their ambition. For a long period it remained under the absolute government of the Dukes of Holstein, but was subsequently attacked by Canute, king of Denmark, and

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finally conquered by his brother, Valdemar. The oppressions, however, of the Danes, soon occasioned a general revolt. After twenty years of vassalage, Lubeck determined to shake off the heavy yoke that pressed upon her. In pursuance of this design, at an appointed period in the month of May, and during the continuance of one of those solemn festivals of Spring, which are still celebrated in many of the provinces of Northern Germany, a band of citizens, arrayed as if for a ball, and concealing arms beneath their dresses, entered the saloon where the Danish chief was presiding at the fête, and taking him prisoner, together with many of his officers, rushed immediately to secure the fortress. The bells of the city were rung, and the whole population, animated by a common cause, and urged forward by the same indignation and desire of liberty, mounted to the ramparts, when they attacked and massacred their enemies, and gained immediate possession of the fortress and its prisons. The same evening the citizens danced upon the ruins of this Bastile. As yet they had accomplished only the first act of a most bloody tragedy. No sooner had Valdemar learnt the massacre of his soldiers, than assembling his army, he marched to punish his rebellious subjects. The citizens of Lubeck, meanwhile, implored the aid of the Emperor Frederic the First, who summoned the neighboring provinces to the succor of the city.

On the 29th of July, 1227, the opposing armies met upon the plain of Bornhoevet. At the head of the allied forces was Adolphus the Fourth, Count of Schaumbourg. The left wing was commanded by the valiant burgomaster, Alexander of Sollwedel; the right by Albert, Duke of Saxony, while the centre was committed to the Archbishop of Bremen. The Danish army, vastly more numerous than that of the confederates, was commanded by Valdemar, King of Denmark, Otho, Duke of Lunembourg, and Abel, Duke of Schlezvig. The allied troops advanced boldly toward their enemies, but they had unfortunately chosen an unfavorable position, where they were covered with clouds of dust, and nearly blinded with the fierce rays of a summer sun. In vain did they attempt to overcome by their valor the dangers which menaced them, for even nature seemed to have leagued with their opponents. Meanwhile, the Danish troops were pursuing their advantage. Exhausted and discouraged, the confederates commenced retreating, when Adolphus, rushing into the centre of their ranks, endeavored to reanimate their courage and call them to their duty; but his voice was unheard amid the general tumult, and his soldiers were momentarily disbanding around him, while the Danish troops were rapidly advancing in anticipation of an easy triumph. In despair at the sight of his army thus flying from the enemy, the Count, casting himself upon his knees, invoked the assistance of the sainted Maria Madelina, whose annual festival is still celebrated. Immediately, say the chroniclers, a thick cloud obscured the rays of the sun, and was pointed out to the confederates as a miracle; while, reanimated by their faith, they again commenced the battle, compelling the Danes to sustain a new and still more vigorous attack.

Valdemar was soon borne wounded from the field of battle, the Duke of Otho was made prisoner, and the Danes completely routed. The inhabitants of Lubeck returned, shouting in honor of their victory; the army of their enemies had fled before them, and the city was now free.

During the year 1241 this freedom was still strengthened by a treaty of alliance made with Hamburgh, and subsequently with Bremen, Brunswick, and numerous other towns; thus forming the celebrated *Hanse*, or Hanseatic League.

Of this vast confederation of the cities of the north, Lubeck was selected as the head. To her were given the power of designating the time and place of general assembly, and the archives of the union. Her voice was the most influential in the deliberations of the States General, and her seal was affixed to all official papers. The influence which she thus exerted on the various members of the confederacy, and the support they rendered in return, enabled her to sustain numerous wars, equip powerful fleets, and aspire, like a new Carthage, to the commerce of the world. The vigor of her arms was often felt by neighboring nations, and her ships returned in triumph, burthened with the spoils of vanquished enemies. But hardly had she finished one war when another demanded her attention; and levying new imposts, she was forced again to battle. At one time she was engaged in hostilities with Denmark, at another with Sweden, now with Holstein or Mecklenbourg, and often with the pirates who infested the seas of northern Europe. Beside this, discord divided her own citizens, who revolted against their bishops and patricians, and came to actual bloodshed around her ramparts. Finally, when all was apparent peace, at home and abroad, and the senate was devising means of restoring order to the finances of the republic, the arrival of some king or prince who merited distinguished honors, produced fresh causes of tumult and disunion.

In 1375, the Emperor Charles the Fifth, with his queen Isabella, arrived, for the purpose of passing some days at Lubeck. This was an event well calculated to excite no small attention, and has been minutely detailed by the faithful chroniclers of that period. First, we are told, came the Duke of Lunembourg and a senator of the republic, bearing the keys of the city; next the Duke of Saxony, with an unsheathed sword, and the Count of Brandenburg, with the sceptre of the empire; and next appeared the emperor, mounted on a richly-caparisoned steed, whose bridle was held by two burgomasters walking beneath a beautiful piece of embroidery woven for the occasion by the ladies of the city, and upheld by four patricians; while at some distance followed the Archbishop of Cologne, with his insignia of office. To this procession succeeded that of the Empress, whose horse was led by two senators, while four patricians held over her a covering formed of the most costly stuffs, and embroidered with silver and gold. Behind the empress came Albert, Duke of Mecklenbourg, the Margrave of Hesse, the Count of Holstein, and a crowd of knights, pages, and ladies of honor, while the clergy and citizens of Lubeck, all armed, brought

up the rear of this procession. On arriving at the city, the royal visitors were received by the noble ladies of the place, and were conducted to two mansions situated near each other, and connected by a temporary gallery, adorned with garlands of newly-gathered flowers. For ten days the houses were illuminated, and nothing was heard of but festivals, plays and tournaments.

Those were the palmy days of this republic. Its commerce, since the formation of the Hanseatic League, had increased astonishingly, and, fostered by peculiar privileges, both in Denmark and Sweden, had extended from the Trave to the Gulf of Bothnia, and beyond the Northern Ocean. During the fifteenth century, the inhabitants of Holland attempted a similar extension of commerce, and with great success. Others of the northern cities, hastening to develop their resources, became at once so many rivals to Lubeck, until in the sixteenth century she found at every point, whose trade she had previously monopolized, the most determined and active competition. Step by step she gradually lost her commerce with Central Germany and the cities on the borders of the Northern Ocean, and was obliged to confine her enterprises to the Baltic. Her numerous wars had also weakened her resources, and at the dissolution of the Hanseatic League, in 1630, this capital of the commercial republics had already lost her vigor and ascendancy. Her sole remaining trade was confined to Russia and Finland, and even this, more recently, has been secured by Hamburg.

In this manner the former grandeur of Lubeck has been continually waning, and her population has diminished with her fortunes. In the fifteenth century she numbered ninety thousand inhabitants, and now counts but twenty-six thousand. At that period she possessed also three hundred vessels, while at present she has not one half that number. Her annual revenues are one million four hundred thousand francs, her debt twelve millions. She would yet derive incalculable benefit from closer commercial relations with Hamburg; but the canal of Stecknitz, which unites the Elbe and Baltic, is navigable only for vessels of the smallest tonnage. Beside this, the Duchy of Launenbourg, appertaining to the crown of Denmark, is situated between the two cities, and the Danish government, desirous of favoring the navigation of the sound and the commerce of Holstein, would regard with jealousy any efforts to establish a more practicable route between Lubeck and Hamburg.

Shorn of her former glories, Lubeck presents to the enterprising merchant few of those inducements which she offered in the middle ages. But to the eye of the traveller and artist she is still a beautiful and wonderful city, the guardian of many a proud monument and interesting relic. There are certain seasons and hours when the scenes of nature or the monuments of art can be best seen and most appreciated. The tableau, it is true, remains the same, but it has its peculiar light and shade, and its bright hours of exhibition. When painting the wild and rocky point of the North Cape, I regretted that I could not view around me the fierce struggles of a tempest, for such alone seemed calculated to bring out

in bold relief the stern magnificence and grandeur of that promontory. Were I to visit Rome, I should desire to view the Coliseum by moonlight; or should I return to Nuremburg, I could wish that it might be in the peculiar stillness of some autumn evening.

It was at this melancholy season of the year that I visited Lubeck; it had then a sombre and imposing character. Its ancient gateways were still there, dark and massive, surmounted with small towers, with loop-holes, as was requisite in times when they served as safeguards against numerous bands of enemies. But when one has passed their gloomy entrances, the present disappears, and memory wanders back to reminiscences of the middle ages. One sees here as at Nuremburg and Ausbourg, houses of innumerable stories, covered with gambrel roofs rising at intervals above each other, as if denoting the various degrees of wealth their rich inhabitants had from time to time amassed. Here also can be seen those sculptural colonnades, covered with rich garlands of fruit, the symbol of abundance, and surmounted with heads of angels, rising as it were from crowns of flowers, and covered with pious inscriptions in Latin or ancient German. Here also is the venerable town-house, with its turrets, the insignia of war and vigilance, its spacious saloons ornamented with curious wood engravings, and its airy balconies, chiselled to that degree of lightness that they seem scarce able to support the foot of beauty. Do you observe, also, in a remote portion of the city, that solid and sombre-looking church, whose steeples seem to rise toward Heaven like two attenuated iron columns? It is the Cathedral, one of the most ancient religious edifices of Germany, erected ten years after the formation of the bishoprick of Lubeck. In those ancient days of superstition the origin of all such structures was attributed to miracles, and the following is the tale assigned to this cathedral.

It is said that Charlemagne succeeded in capturing a beautiful deer, one day, after a most fatiguing chase along the borders of the Trave, and placing a chain of gold about its neck, suffered it to return again to its forest home. Four hundred years afterward, Henry the Lion captured the same deer on the spot where he he had been liberated, bearing yet the same gold collar, with the addition of a cross which had grown up between its horns. He presented this cross to the infant Cathedral; and the legend of the deer spreading speedily over Europe, drew vast crowds of pilgrims to Lubeck, some of whom brought costly offerings, while others sought the privilege of hewing wood and cutting out the stones for this vast edifice, persuaded that in laboring for its erection, already so mysteriously begun, they should obtain a ready pardon for innumerable sins, and shorten a multitude of years in purgatory.

At a later period, this cathedral became the burial place of high ecclesiastical dignitaries, amid the magnates of the land. Each pillar, even now, is adorned with ancient armorial bearings, and each recess contains a tomb, while the nave is covered with sepulchral monuments and figures in relief. There is one of these in particular, representing a monk bearing in his hand a club, which is remark-

able for a legend with which it is connected. Popular tradition asserts that formerly each monk belonging to this church enjoyed a peculiar privilege; that of being informed of the day of his death by a white rose, dropped by invisible hands into the place he occupied within the cloister. One morning as the monk Rabundus was proceeding tranquilly to the discharge of his duties, he perceived the mysterious symbol dropped before him, and having no desire to die, suddenly transferred the unfortunate emblem to the niche of his next neighbor, who fainted at the sight and died of fear. This was an arrangement, however, not suiting the designs of Death, who had determined that Rabundus should accompany him to the other world, and came personally to bid him finish the necessary preparations. Compelled therefore to surrender himself a victim to this sad necessity, and desirous ever after to prevent similar deceptions from being practised with the rose, he promised to inform his colleagues of their approaching death by striking with a club at the cell of each, the day before the time appointed. This promise he is related to have kept for many years, and indeed until the Reformation put an end to all such miracles.

One should not fail to visit this cathedral, if for no other purpose, at least to look upon a *chef-d'œuvre* by an unknown master. This is an immense *tableau d'autel*, or mass-table, divided into nine compartments, and closed by two doors. In the interior is represented the Annunciation of the Holy Virgin; at the bottom the sufferings of CHRIST, and on the outside the figures of St. John, St. Jerome, St. Basil, and St. Phillip. The paintings, it is true, abound with many faults, both of perspective and design; but they are remarkable for the expression of the countenances, the grouping and coloring, and the general finish of all the parts. The paintings bear date 1451, but their author is unknown. They are thought, however, by M. Rumohr (a distinguished critic who has written many dissertations on the monuments and antiquities of Lubeck) to be the work of Hemlin.

If the traveller is also desirous of affording especial pleasure to the kind-hearted inhabitants of the ancient city, he must go also to see in the same church a singular clock, so arranged that two immense eyes open themselves at each vibration of the pendulum, while Death strikes the hour with his bony hands, and Time is continually superintending the revolution of an hour-glass. Should one also desire to be regarded by the citizens as a man of taste, and by the members of the church with profound veneration, one must visit often that still more wonderful clock of Saint Maria, where at twelve o'clock each day the figures of the Emperor and seven Electors of Germany, issuing from a narrow door, bow themselves in passing before the image of the Saviour. This clock, which was undoubtedly a *chef-d'œuvre* of the age in which it was constructed, exhibits a complete calendar from 1753 to 1785, giving the days of the week, the signs of the zodiac, and course of the sun. It indicates also all the eclipses visible at Lubeck from 1815 to 1860, as well as the course of the moon and planets.



The church which contains this wonderful work of patient labor is still larger and more imposing than the cathedral. From its antiquity it is justly placed in the second chapter of History of the Arts. The cathedral, erected in the twelfth century, exhibits to a considerable extent the marks of a transition style of architecture, while the Church of Santa Maria, founded two hundred years afterward, is a perfect specimen of pure and delicate Gothic symmetry and modeling. It is well known that many of these ancient churches, which we admire so much at present, were supposed, in the superstition of the times, to have been erected by the devil, and it is certainly a curious matter, that this prince of evil, whom we regard with so much horror, has been so easily baffled in his purposes. The fact, however, according to these old traditions, is admitted as undoubted. It is stated in the early chronicles that the busy devil of Lubeck, like those of Lund, Cologne, and other places, was a good one. In laying the foundation stones of the church of Saint Maria, he thought (influenced by what consideration, Heaven only knows) that he was building a mere drinking-cellar! To him this was a work of piety, and to hasten its completion he worked himself as architect, procuring and chiselling the stones and cementing them together. But what was the astonishment of the skilful architect to find, while leisurly surveying his operation, one beautiful summer morning, that the structure presented an appearance altogether different from his intentions, bearing a most marked resemblance to an elegant and substantial church, capable of forming for many thousand years, one of the strongest safeguards of Christianity! It is difficult to imagine the rage of our poor devil at this unlooked-for discovery. His first endeavor was to dislodge these stones, and to prostrate the walls he had so rapidly constructed; but alas! he had formed them too strongly to effect his purpose. Baffled in the attempt, he next flew to find an enormous rock in the Duchy of Holstein, which he was about tumbling from an immense height on the pilastres of the devoted edifice, when a benevolent citizen, who perceived the state of matters, mounted a small stone and thus addressed him:

‘My good friend, let us come to a mutual understanding; for in our present situation we shall both be losers. The church is nearly finished, and what purpose will you gain by its destruction, as we shall immediately erect another? Suffer it therefore to remain; and to preserve an amicable feeling, we will build a drinking-cellar.’

‘Very well, so be it,’ answered Satan, and like a consistent man he conveyed his rock to the place from which he had transported it. The citizens, faithful to their engagement, built near the church the structure they promised, which is still existing. In the former are now heard prayer and pious exhortations, while the latter resounds with the profane songs of bacchanalians. If, as reported in the legend, the devil was the actual framer of this church, no good reason seems to exist for refusing his name a place in the biography of the most distinguished sculptors.

In the church will also be found the celebrated *Dance of Death*,

painted also at Berne and Basle, though it is the most ancient of the three. Though the name of the painter is unknown, the picture is one of great antiquity, and is mentioned in the chronicles of 1463. It was painted during the prevalence of that terrible plague, which in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries ravaged all Northern Europe. It was at the same period that Boccaccio, with the true spirit of an Italian poet, composed his Decameron, which to the gay and laughter-loving people of the South was the same as the Dance of Death to the more melancholy, and phlegmatic inhabitants of the North. This picture occupies the entire side of a chapel: first comes Death alone, holding a fife to his lips, and dancing on one foot, rejoicing in the brilliant crowd of followers he draws behind him: next comes another Death, dragging in the Pope, arrayed in his pontifical mantle and tiara, shrinking with evident reluctance from the most unhappy dance; another Death appears with one hand urging forward the despairing Pope, and with the other leading on the Emperor, who seems equally despondent; and immediately comes another conducting the Empress, the Cardinal, the King, and a crowd of followers from the chief of the empire to the humble citizen, and of all ages, from the old man to the infant. Here Death casts his scythe to the ground; the world has been well gathered, and the ball is over.

The various personages represented in this picture are arrayed in the several costumes suited to their condition. One has his crown and sceptre, another his silk mantle. Death is represented as a skeleton, naked and cadaverous, yet spirited and gay, gamboling about on one foot, while the crowd of his miserable victims bear throughout countenances expressive of sadness, and eyes filled with tears.

At the foot of each group some unknown poet wrote verses of four stanzas in Dutch, which were replaced in 1783 by similar ones in German. Their intention is to represent Death as a conjuror, leading in captivity his victims, who are each bidding to the scenes of earth a sad farewell. The poet, however, has but feebly brought out the design of the painter, and the stanzas are alike destitute of vigor and expression.

In quitting this gloomy spot it is pleasant to turn to another painting which this church contains; the entry of CHRIST into Jerusalem, by Overbeck. I shall not endeavor to describe this charming tableau; their bright groups of beauty, with their angelic graces; the enthusiasm of the crowd bearing branches of palm before their Master, and the rapture of an entire city transported at the sight of the MESSIAH. Much less shall I endeavor to portray that admirable head of CHRIST, so calm and beautiful that the eye can never tire in its delightful contemplation. There are scenes which one can only admire in silence, and this is of the number.

Overbeck is the son of a burgomaster of Lubeck. In this city of protestantism he lived only amid catholic reminiscences; in this place of merchants he has dwelt alone on the majesty of old cathedrals, and the language of sainted images breathing from each stony



niche. He has lived in another world, in a separate and distant age. He is the child of pious legends, the legitimate descendant of Van Eyck, the painter of spiritual faith!

Aside from these monuments of the middle ages, there is nothing either of art or poetry which is interesting at Lubeck. Its commerce, though almost destroyed, still forms the daily burthen of all conversation. It is yet the golden calf, which has so often deceived its worshippers, and still it continues to fascinate and delude them. The hum of busy industry, it is true, does not fatigue the ear so continually as at Hamburg; yet it is sufficiently active to drive the man of contemplation from the crowded café of the merchant to some secluded retreat. There is, however, satiety in all things. Even the merchant cannot talk perpetually of his rents and profits, of cargoes and of taxes; he too must descend sometimes from his elevated sphere of speculation to the humble domain of letters. It is therefore that the inhabitants of this merchant city have formed a library in the ancient church of the Franciscans, which is opened for an hour each day, with extreme punctuality, and attended by a librarian whom it is possible to see in person, if one is the son of a senator or relation of some burgomaster. It is here that the would-be literati receive miserable French novels, printed at Brussels, and charge the false impressions derived from their perusal as so many faults against the author. The merchants, having closed their shops and adjusted the balance of the day, assemble in their various club rooms, where (if fortunately vision is not blinded by clouds of tobacco-smoke) one may possibly discern beyond the triple rampart of beer-pots, cards and tables, the 'Conversations-Lexicons,' the voyages of Captain Cook, and a few well-thumbed newspapers.

How strange, and yet how interesting, is this city! Few literary men are found within its limits, and it has no poets. But here is Overbeck! and for his name, and for the beautiful churches and monuments still preserved with superstitious care, one would pardon to this once proud Queen of the Hanseatic League all its errors and omissions!

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LINES TO A BEAUTIFUL LADY.

I prize not beauty, unadorned  
 By intellectual graces;  
 I see no fascinating charms  
 In merely pretty faces:  
 A lovely form and countenance,  
 A graceful step and air,  
 Would never steal my heart from me,  
 If mind were wanting there.

To beauty, valueless alone,  
 A magic power is lent  
 By goodness, intellect, and taste:  
 It seems by Nature meant  
 To give a charm to moral worth,  
 And add a grace to mind:  
 Lady! thou art her favorite;  
 In thee they are combined.

## A S A I L O N T H E P I S C A T A Q U A .

BY JAMES KENNARD, JR.

I.

O'ER the clear Piscataqua  
Gaily is our light boat dancing ;  
Brightly on its crystal waves  
Lo ! the morning sun is glancing !

II.

Portsmouth bridge is left behind ;  
Now we're past the 'pulpit'\* pressing ;  
Lift your hat and bend your head  
To the parson for his blessing.

III.

Stationed on the rocky bank,  
From his pulpit, as we near him,  
Through the pine-trees whispers he  
Solemn words, did we but hear him.

IV.

Thus sweet Nature, every where,  
Truth reveals to all who need it ;  
Thus on life's tumultuous tide  
Borne along, we lightly heed it.

V.

Far and near, on either hand,  
See the trees like giants striding  
Past each other, up and down,  
With a ghostly motion gliding.

VI.

From the rocky pass emerged,  
Sinking cliffs and shelving beaches  
Far receding, usher us  
To the loveliest of reaches.

VII.

Stretching wide, a beauteous lake  
'To the raptured eye is given ;  
Far beyond, the blue hills melt  
In the clearer blue of heaven.

VIII.

Rustic dwellings, clumps of trees,  
Upland swells and verdant meadows  
Lie around, and over all  
Flit the summer lights and shadows.

IX.

O'er the river's broad expanse,  
Here and there, a boat is darting ;  
Swelling sails and foaming bows  
Life unto the scene imparting.

X.

Humble market-wherry there  
Lags along with lazy oar ;  
Here the lordly packet-boat  
Dashes by with rushing roar.

XI.

Comrades, look ! the west-wind lulls,  
Flags the sail, the waves grow stilly ;  
Rouse Æolus from his sleep !  
Whistle, whistle, whistle shrilly !

XII.

See ! obedient to the call,  
O'er the Reach the breeze approaching !  
Now our little bark careens,  
Leeward gunwale nearly touching.

XIII.

Luff a little ! ease the sheet !  
On each side the bright foam flashes ;  
In her mouth she holds a bone,  
O'er her bows the salt spray dashes.

XIV.

To and fro, long tack and short,  
Rapidly we work up river ;  
Comrades ! seems it not to you  
That we thus could sail forever ?

\* 'THE PULPIT' is a pine-clad cliff on the bank of the river. It is an old custom to make a bow to the parson on passing this place.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FASHIONABLE LIFE.

BY PETER SCHEMIL.

‘Ich habe gesehen, was (Ich weiss das) ich nicht würde geglaubt haben auf ihre Erzählung.’

TREVIRANUS, TO COLERIDGE.

‘I have seen what I am certain I would not have believed on your telling.’

NUMBER FIVE: IN WHICH MRS. SMITH DESCRIBES THE ‘VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETY’ OF BABYLON THE LESS; MRS. TRIPPE’S ACCOUNT OF MRS. VAN DAM’S PROPOSED RE-UNION WITH HER HUSBAND; THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK SHOWS THE SAD CONSEQUENCES SHOULD THE EXAMPLE OF ZACCHEUS BE ADOPTED BY THE PEOPLE OF BABYLON: CITES THE PROBABLE EFFECTS IN ‘CHANGE ALLEY,’ AND IN THE CIRCLES OF MRS. SMITH’S FASHIONABLE FRIENDS. MRS. SMITH MAKES A DISCOVERY AS TO THE PURSUITS OF THE GENTLEMAN IN BLACK, WHO CLAIMS THE PATERNITY OF FOURIERISM.

THE Gentleman in Black, having replaced the volume on the shelf of the library, stood for a moment ranging his eye along the shelves; when, as if a thought had presented itself, he turned toward Mrs. Smith, who was herself occupied with the design she had formed, how best to direct the conversation to discover who her guest was; and after a slight embarrassment, in which both seemed to participate, as if their thoughts had been perhaps discovered, he politely led the lady to her seat, and resumed his own.

The Gentleman in Black once more filled the goblets, one of which he manipulated as before, and handing it to Mrs. Smith, bowed, as if expecting her to drink her glass with him; this, however, she quietly declined; but the Gentleman in Black, saying his drinking the wine of his own goblet would depend on her pledging him, she bowed acquiescence, and reached to take the glass, which by some inconceivable carelessness on her part, she again upset.

‘There seems some fatality in all this,’ said Mrs. Smith; ‘and although I have no pledge to violate, my nerves seem determined to play me false to-night.’

‘It is indeed very strange,’ replied the Gentleman in Black, looking suspiciously around the room. ‘Allow me the pleasure of refilling your goblet.’

‘Oh, no! I will not tempt my fate farther!’ said Mrs. Smith, with one of her sweet smiles.

The Gentleman in Black was evidently disconcerted; but after drinking the wine in his own goblet, he renewed the conversation by inquiring, ‘if the author of the volume of sermons which was lying before him on the table, was the parsonic-looking gentleman who seemed so devout and devoted to the highly-dressed lady in the black velvet dress, so richly endowed with diamonds?’

‘No, indeed! You have hit upon a very different character, I assure you. That was the Rev. Dr. UPJOHN, a distinguished divine among us, who is considered most eminently *Rubrical*.’

'However that may be,' replied the Gentleman in Black, with a smile, 'I think there 's no question of his being very *rubicund*.'

'Yes,' said Mrs. Smith, with a gay laugh, 'that is unquestionable; and can you tell me how it is that *Rubricity* and *rubicundity* should be so inseparable?'

'It is very certain they are,' replied the Gentleman in Black; 'and I presume it arises from the universality of the rule, that those who prescribe fasts to others, in order to preserve that due equilibrium which is a law of nature, replenish their own stomachs while they keep others empty, so that the average is thus preserved. May I ask who was the lady?'

'Is it possible that you do n't know Mrs. VAN DAM? She would be greatly offended to suppose it possible that *she* was unknown by any one of my guests! Mrs. Van Dam is, as you must have seen, a very distinguished personage, who aspires not only to High Church in religion, but high rank in society. Indeed, she has been for the last three weeks, so my dear Mrs. Trippe assured me, going the rounds of her cliques, expressing her doubts and anxieties whether it would do to accept the invitation to my party; and has thus canvassed the upper circles pretty extensively, and excited the several VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETIES no little by her earnest questionings with those disposed to accept, and her earnest expression of her fears to those who had accepted; so that there was for awhile much dubiety with them whether nine out of every ten invited would accept or decline; but finding, the WORTHS and the SCHUYLERS, and other independent members, were not to be intimidated, and that the current was setting in my favor, she relinquished the effort, and made a virtue of necessity, conferring upon me the distinguished honor of her own acceptance, and securing for me at the same time the light of the countenance of the Rev. Dr. UPJOHN, whom the wicked world calls her shadow.'

'VIRTUOUS INDIGNATION SOCIETIES! I am acquainted with very many societies, but I have never before heard of these.'

'Is it possible! I assure you these societies are very numerous among us,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'and exist not only in our cities, but in all our towns and villages. They consist of those alarmingly proper persons who deem themselves the conservators of public morals and guardians of the public peace. They meet twice a week, or oftener, and *two* are deemed a *quorum* for the transaction of the business of the society: their meetings are held usually at each other's houses, but may be held at the opera-house, or the church, or indeed wherever and whenever the opportunity shall present itself. They do not always take this distinctive appellation, but sometimes are known as 'The Select Sewing Circle,' or the 'Moral Reform Society,' or some such cognomen; but by whatever title they are known, they become the most formidable of all inquisitors, each of whom, like the celebrated COUNCIL OF TEN, have their Lion's-Mouths always open to receive all manner of missives and rumors, to the injury of their own peculiar and dear five hundred friends.'

'May I ask how they carry into effect their mandates?' inquired the Gentleman in Black.

'Oh! unhappily, this is no difficult task, inasmuch as they are banded together to carry into effect their dreaded determinations. Of the most active and efficient of these in our city, none can exceed my own especial and dear friend Mrs. Trippe, whose sagacity and satire can never be over-tasked in this labor of love, and whose zeal sometimes, finding itself unsupplied with the necessary victims to be broken on the wheel of the Virtuous Indignation Society, has often, with unsurpassed skill, managed to use up the several members constituting the venerable Council of Ten themselves, of whom Mrs. Van Dam has assumed the Dogess-ship; placing them, like another Phalaris,\* in the Brazen Bull they have created for others, and blowing up the flames with her own mouth; so that she has become quite a formidable personage, and has fairly succeeded, from their very dread of her, in obtaining her position in the first circles of Babylon the Less, and which few dare question; and it is only once in a while that the Van Tromps and Van Dams venture to leave her and her fair daughters at home, as in the instance of Katrine Van Tromp's fancy-dress ball.

'Now, the labors of the several Virtuous Indignation Societies were especially directed to prevent Col. Worth and his lady and lovely daughter from accepting my invitations; and their prompt and polite acceptance was of the first importance to me; their presence to-night did me infinite service.'

'May I ask if the young lady whose graceful contour and beautiful bust made her 'the observed of all observers,' and to whom De Lisle seemed so willing to attach himself, is the heiress of the Worths of whom you speak?'

'Yes, De Lisle is evidently attracted that way, and I am almost certain her coming has aided me in securing so distinguished an honor as his presence. He is eminently talented, and is so sought for by the Van Dams and Van Tromps, and all of that set, that it was quite a triumph for me to have secured him. What did you think of Grace Worth? How did she impress you?'

'I assure you, my dear Madam, I was every way prepossessed in her favor, by the modesty, almost timidity, of her demeanor; so entirely free from all art and mannerism; her face, too, has that sweet aspect of simplicity which is the surest index of purity of heart, and which no art can create; and yet her bearing had in it an air of reserve that would have been *hauteur*, were it not for the unaffected purity and sweetness of her air and countenance.'

'It is true, she is deemed, I believe, somewhat reserved; but to

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\*'PERILLUS, the Athenian, having cast a brazen bull for PHALARIS, the tyrant of Sicily, with such cunning that the offenders put into it, feeling the heat of the fire under it, seemed not to cry with a human voice, but to *roar like a bull!* When he came to demand a recompense for his pains, by order of the tyrant, he was put into it, to show proof of his own invention.

'PERILLUS, roasted in the bull he made,  
Gave the first proof of his own cruel trade.'

OVID: *SABELL. EXCEP.* I. 10, CH. 4.

me she has this evening shown the most perfect and even affectionate kindness, and made every effort to relieve me from the embarrassments by which I was surrounded ; and all this, I am sure, was in her the natural expression of sympathy—the most precious and acceptable. To the Colonel and his excellent lady I am under infinite obligations for their kind attentions to me at the moment when they were most needed. Indeed, I do n't believe I could have preserved my self-possession, but for these manifestations of kindness and sympathy.'

'And do you so soon forget those of Mr. DE LISLE?' said the Gentleman in Black, with a smile.

'Oh no! and if I could, I would confer on him the highest reward, and which I am sure he would deem such, by securing for him the preference she has unconsciously to herself won from him.'

'You know them intimately, then? I thought they were unknown to you before this evening, except as members of the upper circles of this city.'

'And so they all were.'

'Indeed? And how do you gain all this insight into the secrets, which are usually kept so close, of persons seen this evening for the first time?'

'Ah!' replied Mrs. Smith, with earnestness, and a glance which made the Gentleman in Black tremble with emotion, 'there are beams of light which reveal the recesses of the soul, and such a glance I saw flashing in De Lisle's face from the depths of his heart, and of which I am sure he was himself as unconscious, as I know the beautiful girl must have been, upon whom it was bestowed.'

'Pardon me, Madam, if I inquire how you can be so certain of this, and how was it that you only should happen to see it? These very modest, lovely girls have wonderful tact in not seeming to see what after all they have most perfectly observed.'

'It was a glance,' replied Mrs. Smith, 'from the eye of Mr. De Lisle, as he stood behind Miss Worth, whom he led up toward me, and was excited by his admiration of her affectionate kindness, as she approached me with a smile of sympathy in my misfortunes caused by the shower of sperm from those vile candles, and of which Grace had a full sprinkling upon her beautiful shoulders. I told her there was no one but herself who could receive such a powdering without a contrast invidious to their skins. A poor compliment, I confess, but which she received with the most cheerful air of satisfaction, as if she was willing that any thing should be a full compensation of her share of the general calamity.'

'The reverend Doctor UPRON did not bear his share of powder with the same equanimity,' the Gentleman in Black replied, smiling significantly.

'So it seemed; and I thought Mrs. Van Dam was more distressed at the small stream down the back of his coat, than at the cup-full she so justly received upon her own rich dress.'

'I was just at his elbow when the revered Doctor received his effusion, and though it was not unlike the holy oil poured on the



beard of Aaron, in running down in an unbroken stream to the hems of the garment, it was far from being as *graciously* as it was *warmly* received. His ill-suppressed vexation,' continued the Gentleman in Black, 'was very amusing. I knew he must be a clergyman of some sort, and thought he might be a Catholic priest.'

'Indeed?—why so?'

'It is not always easy to give a reason for our impressions, but from the cut of his coat, which is you know single-breasted, buttoned high to the neck; the peculiarity of his white stock; the transparent ruby redness of his cheeks, and of the skin behind his ears, and a certain rotundity which marks such men, assured me he was of a class who deal in dogmas and good dinners. And then he evidently took me for a gentleman of the cloth, and addressed me in that conventional form and phrase which are customary among these men; a certain pastoral and patronizing manner, which is very taking with some folks.'

'May I ask if the Doctor is a member of the society you have just described?' inquired the Gentleman in Black.

'The Virtuous Indignation Society? No; this is *exclusively a Ladies Society*, and certain gentlemen only are admitted as *honorary members*. There was quite a contest, I am told, by Mrs. Trippe, as to the propriety of his admission; and in speaking of this contest, Mrs. Trippe gave me a somewhat amusing account of a transaction in which the Doctor was to have acted a conspicuous part, and which was related in her best style.'

'Do let me have the pleasure of hearing it?'

'It has no immediate relation to his election; but was told me by Mrs. Trippe, during her first call, when, as I have told you, she did me the kindness to tell me of the efforts Mrs. Van Dam had made to exclude me from the circles of the 'upper ten thousand' of Babylon the Less.'

'I shall be exceedingly gratified by a specimen of this lady's talents.'

'I wish it were possible for me to give it to you with all her significant looks and intonations of voice; but these are inimitable.'

'I will attempt to realize them; so pray begin.'

Mrs. Smith, smiling, with a lively tone and manner, commenced the narration as requested.

'Mrs. Van Dam, so says Mrs. Trippe, was sought and won when a young girl by General Van Dam, the only child of an old Dutch merchant, who was most pugnaciously attached to the Reformed Dutch Church, of which he was an elder, and to the High Dutch language, in which he had been initiated into its doctrines, so that though living so many years in Babylon, he never attained any more of one language than enabled him to transact the business of his commercial house. And when his only son and heir communicated to his father his wish to marry, the old merchant gave his consent only on condition of the ceremony being performed by his pastor in High Dutch, with which the General was familiar from childhood, but of which the young lady was totally ignorant. She however

made no objection; the wealth of the father was great and she was poor, and a husband was not to be declined on such conditions, which, though they seem strange enough, were at that time to her a matter of perfect indifference. So the ceremony took place in accordance with the father's wishes. During his life time they resided in the lower part of the city, but so soon after as was convenient they removed to their present beautiful residence up town; and finding the aristocracy were mostly associated with *the Church*, she at length succeeded in persuading her husband that it was too far to attend the old Dutch Church, and he reluctantly consented that she should come under the pastoral care and guidance of the Rev. Dr. Upjohn, Rector of one of the most numerous-attended churches of the city. Here she became indoctrinated into all the claims of 'The Church,' and the peculiar dignity and sanctity of its rites. For the first time in her life she felt an inquietude as to the validity of her marriage, though the presence of four sons and five daughters, all in due course of time, one would have supposed would have left her in no doubt that the relations of married life had been fairly and fully established: still her conscience became very tender under the dreadful consciousness that she had never been married in accordance with the claims of 'The Church:' and this state of mind was greatly increased by so often hearing from certain very devout ladies, who were ignorant of her early life, that in *their* opinion all persons, in the condition in which she found herself, were living in a dreadful state of open fornication. Not that the Doctor taught this so palpably, but she felt that this was a fair and necessary deduction of the doctrines she frequently heard from him. What could she do? She feared to lose the good opinion of these pious ladies, and almost as a necessary result, she became more and more devout, hoping to compensate for her sin by the increased strictness of her conformity to 'The Church,' so that she became quite a saint, and well fitted for the Dogess-ship of the Virtuous Indignation Society, which by common consent was assigned to her.

In her dressing-room, which opened into her chamber, and which she styled her oratory, there stood a large mahogany wardrobe, so it seemed to the General, who was never permitted to more than look in at the door, as it was casually opened; and so jealous had the lady become of even these glimpses, that unconsciously to himself there arose in the mind of the General a wish to see more of this *sanctum* of his wife. Not that he had any jealousy in all this, for the room only opened into the chamber; but we naturally wish to pry into that from which we are sedulously shut out.

'I did not know,' said the Gentleman in Black, 'that this extended to gentlemen.'

'I believe it is an infirmity of our natures, not restricted to our sex,' replied Mrs. Smith, and with great vivacity of manner she continued:

'It chanced one day that an alarm of fire was given in the house, just at the hour observed by Mrs. Van Dam for her devotions. Of course it reached the lady, who flew down stairs, leaving her oratory

ry and chamber doors open. The General was the first to return to the chamber, and seeing the oratory door open, walked in: what was his surprise to find the wardrobe with its doors wide open, presenting to him, not a string of dresses and petticoats, but a sort of altar-piece! On a marble bracket was a beautiful crucifix with an ivory Saviour; behind this, a picture of the Madonna, with her burning and bleeding heart, and its piercing thorns, and on the sides were pictures of some seraphic saints with their skulls and cross-bones; and from a shelf on which lay her prayer-book, there was a beautiful curtain hanging, on which was embroidered in gold a small fish. The General gazed on all this in astonishment.

'Can you tell me, my dear Sir, what this fish has to do with an oratory? I asked Mrs. Trippe to explain it, and she was at fault, though she said, 'I might depend upon it was really so, and she thought it might be some sort of a symbol, and for the same purpose as the great cod-fish in the Hall of the Representatives of her native state;' but when I asked, 'what this purpose was, and whether the people of her state really worshipped a cod-fish,' she confessed 'she could not tell, only she had seen the one with her own eyes, and had every reason to believe it was really so, in Mrs. Van Dam's oratory.' Now before I go on, will you do me the favor to tell me if it be indeed a symbol, and if so, of what; for I confess this is the only thing in Mrs. Trippe's story which struck me as improbable.'

'I believe it is derived from the fact, that in the Greek name for fish (Ichthus) the words I. H. S. occur, and the fish indicates the same idea as the I. H. S., which is the more common symbol of *JESUS HUMANUM SALVATOR.*'

'I'm much obliged to you, very much; and yet what a strange symbol a fish is, to indicate that *JESUS CHRIST* is the Saviour of men!'

'Certainly it is; but won't you proceed? I am quite interested to hear how all this ended.'

'The pious lady,' continued Mrs. Smith, smiling very kindly, 'having finished her scolding of the servants, whose carelessness in setting on fire a horse-full of clothing had caused the alarm, be-thought herself of her prayers above stairs, and that her oratory door was open; so she flew up stairs in breathless haste, and there found the General in a state of amazement, gazing into her *sanctum sanctorum*. His first question was sternly to inquire, 'Have you, Madam, become a Roman Catholic?' 'Oh, dear husband, no — no, indeed!' 'What do all these things mean then!' 'Mean, dearest? they are only helps to my devotions. I assure you I'm no Catholic: see, here is the only prayer-book I ever use, and I desire no other.'

'The General was only satisfied when he had read on the title-page in large type, 'The Book of Common Prayer, according to the use of the *Protestant* Episcopal Church in the United States.' It was fortunate that it lay open on the reading-shelf; and the well-thumbed leaves and the worn velvet cassock on which she knelt were witnesses for her truth; so that, from a feeling of painful surprise, the General's mind now looked upon all this secrecy and se-

clusion as something very amusing; and his merry face encouraged his lady to speak the secret of her soul, and to beg him to save her from the condemnation of her own conscience, and to consent to have the marriage rite duly performed by the Rev. Dr. Upjohn. The General mused awhile, with some very funny thoughts in his head, and then taking his wife by the shoulders he turned her round and round, all the while scanning her with a very smiling aspect: 'Really,' said he, 'I am exceedingly surprised at your proposal; but let us see once more how you look. Yes, you are still a fine-looking lady; please open your mouth; yes, your teeth are sound; your skin is still fair, and your eyes bright; and I doubt,' said he, musing a moment, 'if I could do better. But my dear, how few men there are in Babylon who would marry their wives after having had them for twenty years! But after all, I think I will; I do n't believe I could better myself.'

'So saying, he kissed Mrs. Van Dam very earnestly and tenderly. The lady was delighted.'

'At being so warmly caressed?' inquired the Gentleman in Black, smiling.

'If you interrupt me,' said Mrs. Smith, 'I won't proceed.'

'I pray you to pardon me. I won't offend again.'

'On this condition only will I end this story. The General promised to marry her again, and kissing her again, took his leave of her. Mrs. Van Dam went immediately round to her pious friends, and with tears of joy, told them of her happiness, and invited them to come that very evening to her house to witness the solemn service. These visits, and giving the necessary orders for suitable entertainment, occupied her so fully that she saw none of her family during the day. About eight o'clock in the evening, the General and his sons returned home, and found in the saloons quite a party of his wife's most select friends. They all seemed more than usually glad to see the General; and the ladies especially gave him more than their accustomed warmth of pressure, while their eyes beamed upon him with looks of tenderness and love. The General noticed this, and also that when it was over, the party seemed to relax into a sobriety of manner and whispering in their conversation, which in a short time made him feel as if this was more like a Quaker meeting than a fashionable party. Nor was this feeling lessened when he saw the velvet-covered and golden-clasped prayer-book of his wife lying on a small table, on which was a magnificent Carcel lamp, whose light made it a most conspicuous object of observation. There was evidently the hush of expectation; but where were his wife and daughters? They seemed all to have disappeared. Finding himself somewhat mystified, he whispered to a sweet, witching widow, with whom he loved to jest, as married men do—though I think it's very wrong,' said Mrs. Smith, trying to look very severe; 'so giving her a gentle pressure on her shoulder, he asked, 'What has become of my wife?' The young widow in an instant rose, and led him into the entry, and said, with the most speaking eyes, 'Do you want to see her very

much? Oh! she's so lovely to-night! Ah! you are a happy man; such a wife as you will get! If I could make an exchange now, how tempted I should be!' 'My dear Lady,' said the General, 'pray be serious for this once, and tell me where are my lady-folks?' 'Oh, you are so impatient!' was the widow's reply; 'I'm sure you are not wont to be so; but I forgive you for this once. Dr. Upjohn has not yet come; and you know there's no time lost.' What did the widow mean?—who could tell? She would not, but with a gay laugh, led him up the stairs, into his own bed-chamber, and opening the door, exclaimed, 'Here, dear Mrs. Van Dam, is the most impatient of all grooms I've seen for these seven years!' The room was dazzling with light; Mrs. Van Dam, most magnificently dressed in white satin and lace; her diamonds shone from a coronet which encircled her brow, and from the back of her hair, which is, you know, still very rich and luxuriant, there depended a lace veil of great beauty. Altogether, she must have been worth seeing; and as if such a vision was not in itself sufficiently brilliant, there stood her daughters, all radiant with their Swiss muslin dresses, with camilla japonicas in their hair, and the simplicity of their adornments beautifully contrasted and heightened the effect of their dear mamma's.

'The effect upon the General was certainly very astounding. His wife came forward and kissed him most tenderly: 'Dear General,' she said, 'what has kept you so long? I feared you would be late.' To all which the General replied, in a voice which was not half so sweet as the lady's, though it was distinctly heard by several who sat near the doors of the saloons below stairs: '*Donder and blizum!*' (his favorite phrase,) what does all this mean?' 'Heavens!' exclaimed his wife, 'do you ask me what all this means! Did you not promise to marry me this very morning?' 'Yes, indeed; I remember I made some such rash promise; but did you invite these people here to witness the ceremony?' 'Certainly, I did; and I am gratified to say, they are delighted and edified by your conduct.' 'And who is to be the priest?' 'Who! Dr. Upjohn: who else should I think of having?' 'And has Dr. Upjohn counselled this reünion?' 'No,' said Mrs. Van Dam; 'my friends thought he had better be as surprised as we are sure he will be delighted.'

'The General having thus gauged all the embarrassments with which his wife had so sedulously and ingeniously surrounded him, now began to look around with an air not so savage as he had worn, and seeing his daughters all so beautifully dressed, he asked them, 'What part they were to play in the tragedy to be performed?' They replied, very sweetly and innocently, '*That they were to be mother's bride's-maids!*' This was too much for the General, who now relieved himself with a burst of laughter, long and loud, which fairly shook the house. His wife, terrified beyond measure, asked him, in a tone of agony, 'Did you not this very morning promise to marry me?' 'My dear wife,' he replied, 'I did; though I am still surprised at your venturing upon such a request. I will marry you

once a-week, if you please ; but I did not think you would wish me to do so in the presence of others.' 'But why not?' asked Mrs. Van Dam, in the utmost terror, foreboding, after all, a refusal of her heart's desire. 'Why not? because,' replied the General, in a tone of asperity, notwithstanding all his previous mirth, '*if you are willing to pass an Act of Bastardy upon my children, I am not!*' The poor lady all but swooned. She saw in an instant that this was a new view of matters, which had never occurred to her. The General returned to the saloons, and pleaded an engagement to the party, and left the house. The young widow told them the scene above stairs with the utmost particularity. Poor Mrs. Van Dam had not strength to return to her friends, but awaited the coming of the Rev. Dr. Upjohn, to whom she told her griefs. The party, in the mean time, thought it best to retire, asking no questions as to the cause of the failure of the marriage ceremony, from which they had hoped so much by way of an example to others ; and as most of these ladies were members of the *Virtuous Indignation Society*, all these particulars were naturally told to Mrs. Trippe, my very agreeable informant, and who closed her narration by saying, with her significant look and smile, 'The Doctor found some soothing emollient for her tender conscience, and so has reconciled her to continue as the General's wife, with what appetite she may.'

'And is Mrs. Trippe a member of *the Church*?' inquired the Gentleman in Black.

'Not a member of 'The Church,' but yet a most active and zealous member of the Moriah Church, to which she is most exclusively devoted.'

'And what Church is this?'

'And are you so little acquainted with our city as not to know? I thought you were well acquainted in our city?'

'The truth is, my dear Madam, I have but just returned, after an absence of some six years, and your churches spring up in such variety of sects, and so like mushrooms, that of the peculiarity of the church you speak of I am ignorant. What is the creed of this church?'

'Oh, that is indeed the peculiarity of the Moriah Church, that they have no creed.'

'No creed!'

'No! their religion is not one of faith, but of negations ; and Mrs. Trippe can better tell you what she does not believe than what she does. Religion, by these people, is stripped of all its mysteries. It is submitted to an exhausting process, by which it is reduced to its lowest term. They affirm that the writers of the New Testament were not, properly speaking, inspired, nor infallible guides in divine matters ; that JESUS CHRIST did not die for our sins, nor is the proper object of worship, nor even impeccable ; that there is not any provision made in the sanctification of the Spirit for the aid of spiritual maladies ; that there is no intercessor at the right hand of God ; that CHRIST is not present with his saints, nor his saints, when they quit the body, present with the LORD ; that man is not com-



posed of a material and an immaterial principle, but consists of merely organized matter, which is totally dissolved at death.\*

‘And do they call themselves *Christians*?’

‘To be sure they do! and I am told Mrs. Trippe’s malice against the venerable Council of Ten is more provoked by their denial that she is a Christian, than by any slights that they have put upon her. Indeed, she has ever manifested the greatest anxiety to win the suffrages of orthodox Christians on this very point; and in this way she shows most clearly the misgivings of her own soul in the soundness and safety of her religious opinions.’

‘Is it not strange? What need Mrs. Trippe care for the opinions of others?’

‘Not to me strange. There are many who are certain that they hold just the right form of faith; but of those who are certain of their faith, there are but few who have not moments of fear as to their practice. Indeed, what is more common than to hear, every Sunday morning, people whose conduct during the week has been distinguished by some such ‘fair business transaction,’ making the most humble confession of being a ‘miserable offender;’ and yet I never heard or read of but one Zaccheus!’

‘Zaccheus is indeed an original! but, my dear Madam, you certainly would not wish every one to follow his example?’

‘Certainly, I would!’

‘And make restitution of all the wrongs they had done the week before?’

‘Yes; and why not?’

‘For the most obvious reason in the world. It would set every body by the ears, and derange the whole machinery of society.’

‘I do n’t see how this could be.’

‘Let me explain. Now we will suppose that on some bright starlit night a flaming sword were to be seen gleaming in the skies over the city of Babylon the Less; and while the fearful portent was filling all hearts with dread, some *Hydrarchos-Sillimani*, or other such huge monster of the deep, should be seen coming up the bay, and were to vomit upon the Battery another Jonas, who should cry, ‘Wo! wo! to the inhabitants of Babylon! Yet forty days, and Babylon shall be overthrown!’—and were to call upon the people to make restitution of all the frauds and falsehoods, not of their whole lives, but of the forty days previous? Do you not see the evils which would result?’

‘No, I do not.’

‘Then, Madam, have a little patience with me, and I will show you a few examples, which would doubtless be but a specimen of all the others. It would be impossible to describe the scenes which any real effort made by the people of Babylon to make restitution would give rise to. The hopelessness of the quack to restore to his numerous patrons the money paid for the ‘Pills of Life,’ ‘Panaaceas,’ and ‘Catholicons,’ all which, he well knew, possessed in

themselves none of the virtues ascribed to them, would be but a type of thousands of the vendors of this city. But let us suppose a scene in Change Alley. The last week of the forty days has now come. In the mean time, it may well be supposed, those who relied on the 'Reports of the Learned Societies on the Aspects of the Heavens,' (and which would doubtless be just such as would best quiet the anxieties of the people, and best please those who had no wish to disgorge their gains,) with the timorous, had long since been at work squaring up their accounts; families long separated had become reconciled; unions which had been postponed too long would be solemnized, and the churches would be well filled about those days; but in the higher ranks, where these restitutions would become notorieties, and whose members would be ashamed to follow the example of the vulgar, there would be no one to break ground in this strange work; and of all the places, we may well believe, which would show signs of restitution, Change Alley would be the last. But doubtless there would be strange perplexities in '*the street*' as they saw this strange hairy Prophet, and heard him exclaim in their ears, 'Wo! wo!' and denounce them as they were once before denounced, when turned out of the Temple.'

'And the last week has come. The Honorable Board meets; the fancies are flat; state stocks sinking below the sales of the day before; and city stocks dead on the hands of holders. No business is done, and there they sit in silence. Those who twenty days before were loudest in saying 'The old prophet was a humbug!' — 'the sword in the sky is only the tail of a comet!' would now be heard to whisper their hopes that it would be so. At length the words of Job would be found to be true: 'All that a man hath will he give for his life;' and Jacob or a Joseph would rise and say, 'I am ready to make restitution of all my monied transactions, within the last forty days.' We may suppose the dismay which would follow, and the sad, silent and slow movements of the several members as they rose to make a like avowal; but then how to ascertain the true amounts to be exchanged or paid over! The difficulties in the way of making an equation and settlement of their several cornerings and hammerings of stock would be found insurmountable, and on the last of the forty days they would sit like poor culprits under the gallows, awaiting the fatal drop which was to land them in a future state.

'I will give you a scene which might very likely take place among these very friends of yours. Mrs. Trippe, finding the Board of Brokers giving way to the panic, will have doubtless recalled to her mind some shrewd and palpable hit which she has placed upon the tender reputation of Mrs. Van Trompe and her daughters. She sets out upon the painful pilgrimage of restitution; and first she goes to Mrs. Van Tromp's. She need not feign any grief; that, in such a case, would be natural enough, and it may be Mrs. Van Trompe had the same design of acknowledging her sins against Mrs. Trippe. They meet, and in tears embrace each other, each anxious to save her life by a full confession.

'My dear Mrs. Van Trompe, I am pained to confess I have sin-

ned against you, by speaking of you in a way which I now see to be very wrong indeed.' 'Dear Mrs. Trippe, do n't say this to me; it is I who must come to you with such sad disclosures.' 'But I must be permitted to tell you. I have said, indeed I have, many things I wish I had not; and so, to begin, I have said that you wore false hair.' 'And I do, and so do you; go on;' 'and false teeth;' 'that's false.' And hearing of Jack Musard's attentions to Katrine, I hinted to him that he had better wait a while and she would not be so very corpulent.' 'You did, indeed!' 'Yes, indeed I did, and I come to make restitution to you first of all.' 'Well, Madam, I too have a small matter of the sort to settle with you, and I too must confess I have not been much behind with you, though I never could have believed it possible that even your malice could have reached such a height as this.' 'Pray what have you done to me?' 'It is indeed but a trifle in the comparison—a mere nothing; but I too must make you restitution, and here it is. You know Mr. Winterbottom has had some little liking for your divine Adela, which you have fostered as best you could, and with some hopes of success. Now to save him from such a fate as a union with your daughter, I have told him in all the confidence of friendship, within the last forty days, that the recent attack of erysipilas which you know kept her to her room for a fortnight, was nothing more nor less than scrofula.' Now, dear Mrs. Smith, what would be the result of such a course of restitution? Why these ladies would in all probability, after mutual recriminations, fly at each other's faces, despoil each other of their caps and hair, true or false, and as in the night when the first-born of Egypt were slain, 'there was a great cry in Egypt, for there was not a house where there was not one dead,' so it would be told, 'there was not a house in Babylon, where there was not one or more such conflicts, with all their attendant cries and shrieks.' No, dear Mrs. Smith, do n't think restitution as among the things desirable, if it were possible.'

'You have indeed shown it a work of greater difficulty and hazard than I had conceived it could be. Alas! I have been born into this world some centuries too soon. I do hope the time will yet come when all the dreams of poets and prophets will be realized, and when sin and slavery will be remembered no more forever.'

'And do you deem sin and slavery to be so closely linked together?'

'Yes, to me they seem inseparable; and I never read of the acknowledgments made by slaveholders of its 'being a social, political and moral evil,'\* without a feeling that by such confessions they are 'laying a flattering unction to their souls,' and like so many of our Christians in Babylon, deem themselves absolved from their sins, because they have made a penitent and full *confession* of its magnitude.'

'Are you not too severe upon these holders of slaves? They were born to their inheritance, and it is a matter of self-preservation to

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\* SPEECH OF MR. RIVES in the Senate of the United States.

retain their relations to them *in tact*. I have thought they made some mistakes in their methods of management, and feel assured I could make them many valuable suggestions, arising from my own experience.'

'Is it possible that I have been talking to a slave-holder, and all this while took you for a clergyman of some sort!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in a tone of painful astonishment.

The Gentleman in Black seemed somewhat staggered at the earnestness of the lady's exclamation, but soon recovered his self-possession, and with an air of extreme frankness, and a smile which greatly prepossessed Mrs. Smith in favor of any apology he had to make for himself, he commenced :

'I assure you, my dear Madam, such is the course of treatment to which my slaves are subjected, so paternal are the relations which subsist between us, that my enemies have sometimes had the candor to call them 'my children,' and to speak of me 'as their father.' And can that be called servitude which is freely rendered and delighted in?'

'And do your slaves never run away?' inquired Mrs. Smith, earnestly.

The Gentleman in Black was again for an instant embarrassed by the directness of her inquiry, but with an amused smile, replied :

'The truth is, my dear Madam, I do have now and then a slave who pines for his native home, and who seeks his liberty; and in all such cases, if I cannot make my service agreeable to him, I let him go where he pleases. What can be more fair than this? No abolitionist could ask for more.'

'Nothing, surely,' replied Mrs. Smith; 'but what are the means you adopt to detain them? This I must know before I can give a just judgment in the case.'

'Well, Madam, if the disaffected is a young girl, as is often the case, my overseers, who are very numerous, seek out for her some attractive and fond lover, and so fill up the vacancy in her heart, which is the cause of all this discontent; and if she has a lover, he excites some young girl, perhaps prettier than herself, to detach him from her, and this gives the mind all the occupation that is needed in the case; or sometimes a new play, or a new dress, answers the purpose just as effectively, so that lovers are the last thing resorted to by my agents.'

'But should she be married?' inquired Mrs. Smith.

'Why then the case is the more difficult; but I have found a new house very efficacious; or if she have a good house, new furniture; and if she has these already, then it answers a good purpose to put up some of her neighbors to outshine her; to leave her out of a party, or to get up a little scandal about her husband or herself.'

'Well, that is the queerest of all methods of making people contented!'

'It does excellently well, I assure you, for whatever fills up the mind has the effect of expelling all this *nostalgia*, which is the only source of disaffection I have to contend with. Marrying their chil-

dren well, is another very good plan, and gives them pleasant occupation while it lasts, and after a certain period of life they never desire to leave their present modes of life and occupation.'

'With my male slaves my course is somewhat different, as you may well suppose, but I find means just as efficacious to win them to my service.'

'What is this certain period of life, of which you speak?'

'I deem all who have passed the age of thirty-five as tolerably safe; but after fifty, it is very rare indeed for them ever to desert me. All the inducements which the abolitionists are able to present, either orally, or by their tracts, lose all power over them, and their habits then become confirmed; and their duties to me are so light and easy, that they have no inquietudes, and so become very grave and dutiful slaves in all time to come.'

'Permit me to inquire how you employ all these slaves of yours?' asked the lady, whose good opinion for the Gentleman in Black was evidently returning, which was evidenced by the tones of kindness in which the question was asked.

'Here, dear Mrs. Smith, is the great secret of my success. In connexion with their entire freedom of religious opinions, I give full and free license to all my slaves, young and old, men and women, to do just what pleases them best, leaving to my overseers, under my general supervision, to combine their several employments for the advancement of my own especial interests.'

'Indeed! then you have in fact put into successful operation the ideal *Phalanxes* of FOURIER, which have been so often attempted and failed, not, 'tis said, because there is any imperfection in his theory, but because attempted by those but partially acquainted with his system, and which every new association that is formed think they can mend.'

The Gentleman in Black smiled very sweetly, and with an air of the extremest modesty, said: 'I fear, dear Mrs. Smith, you will think me somewhat arrogant and vain, if I should venture to say that I believe Fourier has taken some of his ideas from me, and that his system is, substantially, my own; though if I said this to the world, I should doubtless be challenged on all sides, and I am the more diffident, inasmuch as Mr. ROBERT OWEN is in the field before me, who assured me in person, that Fourier never knew why a *Phalanstery* should consist of two thousand rather than any other number, till he told him the reason.

'And why two thousand? I'm sure I do n't know, though I have a great deal of 'associations,' 'harmonies of nature,' and industry, and 'phalanxes,' talked into me by many of my fair friends, who seem bent on regenerating the world.'

The Gentleman in Black looked inquiringly into the face of Mrs. Smith, but it was radiant with spirit and innocence, alive only to the interest she took in the discussion. He continued: 'It has been deemed a great discovery, which Fourier claims to be peculiarly his own, though in this, as in all such questions, there are hundreds

who have in centuries past had their 'Republics,' their 'Utopias,' and 'Oceanas,' by which the world was to be perfected, and all sin and misery annihilated, when the days of Paradise are to be renewed, and the face of the earth again to blossom and bloom like the Garden of Eden; and Fourier has gone yet farther, for he suggests, that the *aromas* arising from the earth being condensed in accordance with the action of certain laws, would gradually form beautiful planes or rings, which would add to the beauty of our skies, like those of Saturn, and that the *Aurora Borealis* would become what he styles a *Boreal Crown*, of such intensity as to rescue the circum-polar regions from their graves of ice, and warm them into life and vegetation.'

'Well, it is a beautiful conception, and I wish it may be true.'

'That the world is to be regenerated and redeemed, I also believe; though the way of attaining this grand result may not be in the way projected by these Socialists.'

'I have ever felt much interest and sympathy in every plan which contemplates a higher degree of civilization, and an advance in human happiness, though I must confess I never could see how the conflicting passions of men and women, and the desire of personal aggrandizement, could ever be subverted, or so directed as to accomplish these desirable ends. And now, will you tell me more of your methods of managing your slaves, in accordance with the system of leaving every one to do just what pleases him or her best?'

'This, Madam, as I have before said, is the secret of my success and of their failures; but in my system I have been all the while directing their energies secretly and silently; but with these Social communities there has been no such controlling intellect. The system of '*Unitary Associations*,' even on paper, has had its difficulties, even before being reduced to experiment; for when asked, 'In this system of every one doing only what they pleased, *who would please to do the dirty work, and act as the scavengers?*' they were as effectively nonplussed as a distinguished senator in the height of the year of nullification, when conversing with an old statesman from the North, who chanced to be in the senate-chamber at the time, and to whom he was showing the feasibility of his plan of a separate republic, by the inquiry, '*Where will you go for your stevedores?*' Now this was a class of operatives the Gentleman Planter had never heard of; and the old gentleman assured him of the pleasure which it gave him to know that there was one class of laborers which the new republic must import from their Northern neighbors; one point of dependence yet existing; one strand of the cable which yet held the states together;' but in the case of the Fourierists, this enigmatical question, '*Who would please to act as their scavengers?*' was solved by assigning these arduous and unpleasant duties to their little children.'

'To their little children!' exclaimed Mrs. Smith, in a tone which spoke her utter abhorrence at the thought.



‘Yes, Madam, to their children, in whom they assumed to have discovered a proclivity for such pursuits.’\*

‘And where are the mothers to be found who would consent that their children should be so employed? — even if there were such degrading and disgusting tendencies in their natures, and which seems to me to be a poor beginning of a system which seeks to attain the perfectibility of human nature.’

‘The theory, Madam, merges the individual affection in those of the *phalanx*; so that the present relations are to be subverted, and the sympathies of parent and child are to be lost in the general good.’†

‘But can this, by any course of change in the conditions of society, be attained?’

‘It is very confidently predicted that it can be and will be.’

‘But even if it were possible, is it desirable?’

‘That is a question which presents the *gist* of the whole theory. The Socialists deem it both desirable and attainable; and the only way in which the present conditions of society, which they hold with HOBBS to be a state of warfare, in which each one seeks his own good at the cost of his neighbor, and that the range of injury is graduated by the differences which exist in the several states of individuals as to poverty and wealth; and the higher the scale of civilization, the wider the circle of objects over which this principle of hostility, subversion, and injury extends.’

‘Indeed, I fear there is some truth in this representation of society as it now is; but I can’t conceive how the world is to be renovated by the sacrifice of the relation of parent and child; indeed, it is to me inconceivable how a mother can consent to unite herself to such an association, or relinquish for a day the care of her children to groups of nurses, even if they were angels.’

‘My dear Madam, children are very pretty in pictures, but are often found to be sad realities in living life.’

‘Heavens!’ exclaimed Mrs. Smith, with an emotion which suffused her eyes in tears, ‘how gladly would I sacrifice all the splendor which surrounds me, to be possessed of but one beautiful and healthy infant!’

The Gentleman in Black was touched; a smile of tenderness and benevolence for an instant lit up his face and eyes, which made him look as though transfigured into an angel of light; but it soon passed away, and the cold, calm look, which was sometimes dark and sinister, resumed its place.

\* ‘In the gardens they (the little children) will grub up the noxious weeds, in the kitchen they will turn the little spits, shell peas, sort the fruit, wash the plates, etc.’ — GODWIN.

† ‘PLATO, in his *Republic*, says: ‘Let the women be held in common, let the children be in common.’ This, however, is not adopted yet by the Socialists. They, however, teach: ‘In general we think it would be found that the groups of nurses so excellent, the public halls so well adapted to health, and the advantages every way so decided, that the larger part of the women would of choice leave their children to the education of the proper groups, in which, doubtless, the mother would be herself enrolled;’ and to show the fallacy of this last part of the sentence, and that it is thrown in merely as a make-weight, the author on the same page teaches: ‘The number of women necessary to the care of young children being limited, *nature* has given the inclination of that kind of occupation to a few only.’ ‘It would be easy to assure ourselves that this was the case, if the spirit of our present society did not oblige women to dissimulate and feign tastes that are often opposite to their very organization.’ — GODWIN.

## FINN'S SAGA: FROM THE SWEDISH.

BY MRS. M. E. HEWITT.

Brave Finn of the Northland, renowned in story,  
Sat high at the Yule-feast, in his locks thin and hoary:  
Deep runes carved in fight on his broad brow he beareth,  
And the Arm of the Lightning is the good sword he weareth.

And late flowed the banquet by the torch-fires upblazing,  
While the Skalds smote their high harps, their loud songs upraising:  
Pushed the chief back the goblet; 'Ho! heard ye my Norsemen?  
'There went sounds on the night-wind, a tramp as of horsemen!'

Down rang the drained mead-cups, the grasped sword-hilts rattle,  
Bounds each knight like a war-horse that afar scents the battle;  
And forth from its scabbard each quick blade is bright'ning,  
As forth from the storm-cloud leaps and flashes the lightning.

Spake the chief: 'In the shade now tall forms are advancing,  
And their wan hands like snow-flakes in the moon-light are glancing;  
They beckon, they whisper, 'Oh! strong-armed in valor,  
'The pale guests await thee — mead foams in Valhalla!'

When the snow melts in spring-time from earth, who bewails it?  
When the Valkyries beckon, man must die — what avails it!  
I am bowed low with years, like a fruit-tree o'erladen,  
But a death on the straw-couch were a death for a maiden.

Bring hither my helmet, in the torchlight that glances,  
And my shield that hath borne back in fight the strong lances;  
Thus may Death, that eluded where a warrior would greet him,  
Find me armed by the hearth-stone, and ready to meet him.'

When in the Hereafter the tongue of the foeman  
Tells that Finn by the fireside died the death of a woman;  
Like his steed in the manger awaiting the slayer,\*  
Ye shall say how I fearlessly met the betrayer.'

Now, while o'er his white beard the life-tide is bright'ning,  
As his death-runes he carveth with the Arm of the Lightning,  
He lifts high the goblet, and boldly and proudly,  
'A health to the Northland!' he quaffeth full loudly.

Sleeps Finn in his cold tomb; rests his war-steed beside him;  
Ne'er again 'mong the thick spears may the pale chieftain guide him:  
And the Skalds sweep their high harps to the Strong-Armed in Valor,  
While his shade o'er the rainbow passes on to Valhalla.

\* The Scandinavian, like the Scythian, slew and buried his steed in the tomb with the dead chief.

## PLAIN SPEAKING BY A PLAIN PHILOSOPHER.

THOUGHTS ON LATENT HEAT.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE KNICKERBOCKER:

SIR: I had an opportunity a short time since of witnessing an interesting exhibition at the School of the Mechanics' Institute. It happened to be the visiting-day of the school committee; and the chairman, it seems, on such occasions addresses the pupils upon some abstract theme of science, in what he calls 'a simple manner.' I shrewdly suspected, however, that this 'simple manner' was intended for the adults present as well as for the children; but whether intended for one or for both, I was so pleased with his familiar illustrations of *Latent Heat*, that I thought them worthy a place in the KNICKERBOCKER, and I proceed therefore to transcribe them from a few rough notes which I made on the occasion.

'In reading,' said the chairman, in effect, 'we are often confused by the attempts of authors to show their erudition, rather than to explain abstract facts. I shall therefore render my explanations as simple as possible; and to those who do not already understand what is meant by Latent Heat, the simplicity of manner will not I hope prove objectionable. The instrument called the thermometer is used as a measurer of heat, but this instrument can only be applied to measure *present* heat; it cannot measure latent heat. Latent Heat, as its name implies, is not sensible to the touch, nor is it available for any chemical or mechanical purpose; and we require the aid of Natural Philosophy even to prove its existence. Its presence cannot be elucidated without distinctly changing its character and condition.

To explain in what manner the existence of latent heat may be proved, it is only necessary to say, that substances contain heat in proportion to their bulk, without any reference to their weight. Thus, if ten cubic inches of air be compressed to the half of one cubic inch, it becomes red hot thereby. The concussion pocket-light used some twenty years since, being a small cylinder, closed at its lower end, and fitted with a piston, in which is inserted a small piece of punk, affords a light by forcing down the piston; the air which is elastic, is compressed to one hundredth of its natural bulk; and the latent heat contained in the ninety-nine hundredths compressed, becomes present heat in the one hundredth of the bulk remaining, rendering it red hot, and setting fire to the punk. When the piston is again withdrawn, so that the air expands, if done slowly, the punk goes out; because the capacity for receiving heat, as latent, is again renewed, and it robs it from the nearest hot object, the punk; but if suddenly withdrawn, the punk remains on fire, and the air is compelled, on reexpanding, to get its supply of latent heat from other surrounding objects.

'A similar phenomena is observable in the manner in which a country blacksmith lights his fire. He takes a piece of cold iron, which we suppose to measure a cubic inch, and hammers it rapidly on his anvil, until he compresses the particles so as to measure but ninety-nine hundredths of a cubic inch. Thus the latent heat of the one-hundredth compressed, becomes present heat to the ninety-nine hundredth remaining; and it is when thus hot that he ignites a match with which he lights his fire.

'The Indian performs a similar operation, when by the rubbing of two pieces of wood on each other he causes them to take fire. The simple theory of their operation is, that if we examine the surface of the wood with a powerful microscope, we find it to contain millions of infinitesimal cells. All these cells are filled with globules of air; and at each rubbing, each globule gives out its latent heat, which heat is received by the wood, and each cell re-fills with a new portion of air, which at the next rub gives out *its* portion; and thus the accumulation of these quantities of heat causes the wood to take fire; proving that latent heat becomes present whenever you rob it of its sleeping-place. The grinding of a knife on a grindstone, and the consequent stream of fire, is due to the compression of the ultimate particles of metal, abraded from the knife, the compression of which particles causes sufficient of the latent heat of the metal to become present heat, to render the infinitesimal portions red hot, and consequently visible. So great was the liberation of latent heat in ERICSSON'S caloric engine that the cylinder was melted and the machine thereby rendered useless.

'Some substances are capable of receiving present heat, and 'putting it to sleep,' or rendering it *latent*. Ice registers thirty-two degrees by the thermometer; and if a vessel filled with ice be placed over a fire until it be melted, it will still register thirty-two degrees. If a similar quantity of fuel to that used to melt this ice to water be burned under it after it is water, it will raise it to two hundred and twelve degrees, or cause it to boil. The question naturally occurs, what became of the first quantity of heat liberated from the first charge of wood burned? The answer is simply, it was absorbed by the ice as it expanded in becoming water; and will be given out again whenever the same portion of water be re-converted into ice.

'When two fluids of different specific gravities are mixed together, they will not make the bulk of both, although they contain the weight of both. If sulphuric acid, which is much heavier than water, and boils at six hundred and twenty degrees Fahrenheit, be mixed with water which will boil at two hundred and twelve degrees Fahrenheit, you will have in bulk as a result only three-quarters of the measurement of both. This decrease of bulk lessens the capacity of the mass to contain heat; and thus the latent heat of the missing quarter becomes present heat, and is sensible to the touch. Sometimes it is difficult to heat metals sufficiently to cause them to become fluid or to melt; when two metals of different specific gravities are heated together, they combine, and the latent heat given off, from the consequent diminution of bulk, assists to keep the mass fluid. Thus

platina, which cannot be melted by the hottest blast-furnace, melts readily if heated in contact with a very minute portion of lead.

‘Another class of proofs of the existence of latent heat embraces the facts connected with the capacities of bodies for heat, by enlarging their bulk; for, from the same course of reasoning that latent becomes present heat, by diminishing the bulk of a body, present heat will be received and rendered latent by any body, the bulk of which is increased. If we wet the head with alcohol, and then fan it rapidly, the alcohol becomes an aëriform body, and consequently increases in bulk some two thousand times. Its capacity for heat is thereby increased; and it seizes it from the nearest hot object, the head, thus rendering the head cool. And in this manner local fevers are often removed.

‘In the East Indies it is common to form ice by evaporating ether from the surface of water. The great increase of bulk from the ether so suddenly robs the heat from the water as to render it *ice*. This experiment can be readily made in this manner: Fill the bulb at the lower end of a thermometer-tube with water; wrap tow on the outside, then dip it in ether, move it rapidly in the atmosphere for a minute, tear off the tow, and the bulb will be found to contain a ball of ice. In hot climates water is cooled for domestic use in unglazed earthen vessels, called ‘monkeys.’ They are partially porous, and thus a minute portion of the water is continually oozing through to the surface. If these vessels be placed in a draft of air, or swung on the end of a rope attached to a tall tree, the evaporation of water from the outside will abstract the heat from the contents of the vessel, and render it palatably cool. Water in a pitcher, placed in a window where there is a strong draft of air, and surrounded with a cloth kept continually wet, will become cool. A ‘refreshing shower’ is a very common phrase; and it arises from the fact, that when Nature is covered with a minute film of water, its evaporation cools all surrounding objects.’

#### HYPOCRISY: A SONNET.

THERE is a fiend who taketh angel guise,  
 And by some dark Promethean art would seem  
 From Heaven's empyrean throne to snatch a beam  
 Of holiness, wherewith to dazzle mortal eyes;  
 Pure, like the evening star of summer skies,  
 When softly mirrored on the placid stream,  
 His eye in truth uplit, one fain would deem,  
 With the meek light of love; and from his tongue  
 There flows a silver tone, more glozing far  
 Than that which tempted Eve ‘the trees among.’  
 Within rage, envy, malice, hatred are;  
 Unmask thee, wretch! thy reign must cease ere long,  
 And on thy forehead let the world descry,  
 Branded in fire, thy name — HYPOCRISY!

*New-York, May, 1846.*

B. W. C. MASSETT.

## T H E C L O C K P E D L A R .

BY J. HONEYWELL.

SOLOMON TERRY,  
 Dealer in clocks,  
 Had met with some very  
 Severe hard knocks

In the course of his long and itinerant life,  
 Having failed (to pay up) several times in the strife;  
 Yet, clever and neat, always fell on his feet,  
 And arose a sound man after ev'ry defeat.

Having been, as above I have hinted, unfortunate,  
 And as creditors will, at such times, be importunate,

He stopped all their jaw

With the aid of the law,

And (telling some friends what was the design meant,) *Well!*

He and his lawyer drew up an assignment.

A queer little instrument, that, by the way,

Describing what debts one proposes to pay,

And mentioning who are to suffer delay:

That is, take a promise at very long day,

For twenty per cent. of the face of their notes,

Thus slyly dividing the sheep from the goats.

But now all his troubles

Have vanished like bubbles;

He's a gentleman, made on the very best plan,

Is rich, and of course a 'respectable man';

Has a house and a farm, and much money invested,

Is deeply in rail-roads and banks interested;

Is called, in his dealings, a very correct man,

Is Deacon in church, and what's more, a Select-man.

You'd be edified quite with his sanctified air,

His very grave face, and exceeding white hair:

He is weak in the hams and thin in the chest,

His years may be sixty — and that will attest

That he's well on the road to his 'haven of rest.'

That blessing of life,

His adorable wife,

Links to her end of the rope a great clatter —

Forever it pours, like the rain, patter, patter;

And though I should like the good woman to flatter,

Yet I'm forced to admit the amount of her chatter,

And that it abounds with irrelevant matter.

Nobody but her

Could mutter and splutter

In a way the weak nerves of her good man to flutter:

But still the dear little woman means well,

Though, obliged as I am the truth here to tell,

Her husband quite often has wished her in — *Well!*

I had like to have said it! but if you can spell,



You may couple an H with an E double L ;  
And though TERRY at times was audibly praying it,  
I think I have found,  
By beating around,  
A vastly more delicate method of saying it.

Now, SOLOMON TERRY  
Had been making merry  
Over a dinner of sausages savory,  
(Paid for, of course, from the fruits of his knavery.)  
And turning cork-down the mighty brown jug,  
Completed his meal with a draught from the mug.  
Then this 'well-to-do,' 'worthy,' 'respectable' chap,  
Reseated himself for a comforting nap ;  
A handkerchief carefully thrown over his head,  
His nose in the air, (the tip of it red,)  
His thin little slender  
Legs up on the fender,  
The wide-spreading ends of which, that is to say, his toes,  
Snugly ensconced in a pair of green slippers,  
Whose prows were as sharp as a Baltimore clipper's,  
While a tune like a bugle began then to play his nose.  
He was barely composed,  
And hardly had dosed,  
When a thundering knock,  
Like a great church clock,  
Came banging away at the front hall-door,  
And nipped in the bud an incipient snore ;  
And ere he could get from the chair to the floor,  
Instead of one knock there were twenty or more,  
Till they rolled on his ear like a cataract's roar.

He rose in a hurry,  
His wits in a flurry,  
Expecting to find at least half a score  
Of customers waiting his nod at the door ;  
So he opened it wide,  
And there, outside,  
Stood a single tall fellow of six feet two !  
A burly young giant he was to the view,  
Who only drawled out, through his nose, 'How d' ye do ?'  
Then said, as he leisurely walked to the fire,  
'Here 's one of the clocks that you sold to me, 'Squire.  
You do n't recollect ? Well, I 'd have you to know  
You warranted this here correctly to go ;  
But at times it 's too fast, and at times it 's too slow ;  
As I bought it of you,  
And it do n't go true,  
But is up to all sorts of fantastical tricks, it  
Returns, and won't suit, no way you can fix it.'

SOLOMON TERRY  
Was in a quandary ;  
But ere he could open his mouth to reply,  
(Of course with a lie,)  
There came rushing in,  
With horrible din,  
One after another, a concourse of men !  
Terrible fellows ! He did n't know when

He had seen such a desperate visaged array,  
And all talking at once in a shocking bad way;  
While every one bore, dangling over his shoulder,  
What made the heart sink of the frightened beholder;  
In short, what gave him this terrible shock,  
Was the fact that each man brought with him a clock!

SOLOMON stared,  
And stroked his beard,  
And looked like a man most wofully scared.  
Such an army of clocks! 'He was n't prepared  
So many demands to meet upon sight,  
But they might depend he would make it all right.'  
'No go!' no go!  
You do n't get off so!  
Clamored the crowd, as stubborn as rocks,  
'Give us the money, and here are your clocks!'

SOLOMON's senses began to forsake him,  
A kind of a dizziness seemed to o'ertake him;  
His head swelled amain, till it doubled its size,  
And the top of the room like a dome did arise,  
Expanding the walls to an amplitude vast;  
While still as his eye o'er the acres he cast,  
The crowd kept increasing still faster and fast.  
Still mass upon mass came the gathering flock,  
Crying out, 'SOLOMON, here is your clock!'  
Benumbed and stunned,  
Hopelessly dunned,  
Still he stood staring,  
Like maniac glaring,  
Not in his state of bewilderment, daring  
To open his mouth to men of such bearing.  
Sure never mortal had such a strange set  
Of clamorous customers bearding him yet;  
Wherever he turned to get rid of the noise,  
Up rose the wild multitudinous voice,  
'Do n't stand there, SOLOMON, still as a stock,  
But give us our money, and here is your clock!'

Like a troubled ocean,  
Strong arms in motion,  
Swayed the clocks in the stirring air,  
While the Deacon's hair,  
(What little was there,)  
Rose up like quills o'er his forehead bare.  
Though scared and flustered,  
At length he mustered  
Courage enough to harangue the crowd;  
And lifting his tremulous voice aloud,  
Proposed, 'though indeed 't would ruin him quite,'  
(Yet laboring under such bodily fright,  
And thinking this plan to escape was the true one,)  
'To give in exchange for each time-piece a new one!'

Then rose from earth to heaven a yell,  
A shout prolonged with awful swell;  
A shout that rent the Deacon's ears,  
And lent new terrors to his fears.

'None of your gammon,  
 You cringer to mammon!  
 You can't come the sham on  
 Your victimized customers, Sol., any more;  
 Every clock we have here was exchanged once before!  
 You don't cheat us again! — we are up to your tricks,  
 So you'll find yourself here in a very bad fix:  
 And unless you fork over  
 What keeps you in clover,  
 And pay us in full for these rascally 'ticks,'  
 We will pitch you and tar you,  
 And pummel and scar you,  
 And beat you anew,  
 Till you turn black-and-blue,  
 And then take your strong box — you clock-selling Jew!

Sudden before his vision came  
 A something like a sheet of flame;  
 Then all the thousand clocks before him  
 Had eyes that glared and gloated o'er him;  
 The hands stretched out and pointed toward him,  
 The weights so swelled *one* would have floored him;  
 While stalwart grew each hour-marked figure,  
 In outline thicker, taller, bigger:  
 The whirring wheels as sudden grew,  
 And round and round gigantic flew,  
 Till with a wondrous crash, alike  
 They all began at once to strike.

And now, above the sounding din,  
 His wife's shrill voice came chiming in,  
 With, 'SOLOMON! SOLOMON! what is the matter?'  
 He fearfully groaned as he woke and looked at her,  
 And with many a deep interjectional 'Oh!'  
 He awoke to know  
 That a hard-trotting Nightmare had troubled him so.

With trembling limbs, and brow perspiring,  
 In doubt if dead or just expiring,  
 He idly gazed, then ghastly smiled,  
 Then rolled his eyes in wonder wild,  
 And feebly as a helpless child,  
 He beckoned his wife to bring the jug,  
 And pour him out 'just one more mug,'  
 To steady his nerves, and purge his sight,  
 And settle his mind — for he did n't feel right,  
 After such diabolical scenes of affright.

## MORAL.

Do n't traffic in clocks! or if you must,  
 Endeavor in all your trades to *be just*.  
 But whatever you trade in,  
 Do n't be betrayed in-  
 To taking a nap after eating your dinner;  
 For sure as you do, whether deacon or sinner,  
 You will have, if you dine upon sausage and cider,  
 A nightmare grim on your chest for a rider!

## TWO DAYS IN BAY CHALEUR.

OR A PEEP AT THE COD-FISHERMEN.

DAY-BREAK in Bay Chaleur! with the joyous light spreading steadily upward, and little fleecy clouds flushing in the rosy glow! The morning watch is pacing the deck, whistling by snatches a miscellaneous assortment, not at present to be found in any of our music-books, and ever and anon casting an eye impatiently to the eastward.

'Lilly-lilly-bul-lero;' 'When I went out a gypsying;' 'Tra-la-la;' 'Whe-e-w!' 'Hurrah! there she comes at last, by jingo! Time, indeed, for her confounded copper-face to show itself, for I've been tramping the deck these two hours. Now for it, boys:

'All hands! a-l-l h-a-a-nds! I say, down for'ard there; tumble out!'

Up comes the burly old skipper, rubbing his eyes. 'Come, boys, turn to, and let's try our luck once more. If we do n't do better than we did yesterday, we shall have to heave up anchor after breakfast. What luck there, Sam?'

And now comes shiny-faced John, our 'doctor,' (*videlicet* the cook,) to inform us that breakfast is ready. Down below we plunge. The white sal-aeratus cake and the 'water bewitched' are quickly devoured, and up we go again to work. The fish are, however, 'non est inventus,' having plainly satisfied themselves that cold iron and cod-line make a mixture of rather indigestible food.

The old skipper looks uneasily about, then goes forward and takes a glance over the bows; then turns round again: 'All hands to heave up!'

And now to the handspikes. 'Yo! heave 'o! Yo! ho! cheerily, men! Hold on to the cable, there; do n't let her slip. There, you noddy, stickin' her right out, you goose! Mind your r's and q's, can't ye? Up fore-s'l and jib. Cheerily! That's it.'

And now the skipper takes the helm, and the crew gather round, stowing their corporeals on the quarter-deck in such a position as will give the greatest surface for the sun to act upon. Meanwhile, the 'cap'n,' after screwing the tobacco-plug three times round in his mouth, and winking wisely to windward, commences to retail his never-failing stock of yarns. Full of rough sea-lore, pregnant with much fish-wisdom are they; concerning old war-tricks, 'bloody Bony,' and infernal old ship-masters; also, how on such a summer, and such another, long-time ago, he got the weather-guage of Skipper J., and loaded his craft with mackerel, when the other could not get hold of the 'school' 'any way he could fix it.' And now some one chimes in with a whaling yarn, or some other tid-bit, to vary 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' In the mean time, the 'doctor' is causing the galley to smoke, and perchance relieves his

culinary labors by pounding away at some shirts and other 'duds' that are smoking in the wash-barrel.

'Here, C——, take the helm and bear away for that jumbo, at anchor there yonder. He's a Beverly man, I know by the cut of his try-s'l.'

And so we walk up to the 'jumbo,' an old-time schooner with a monstrous heap of quarter-deck, and looking as if it had lain in the bay since the days of Noah; the bottom planks touched off picturesquely with abundance of grass and barnacles. As we approach, a greasy, comfortable old customer comes astern with his speaking-trumpet in hand, while his crew, a motley set, keep feeling their lines and quizzing us over the sides.

'That's it! keep right across her stern!' shouts our skipper. 'Schooner ahoy!'

'Ahoy!'

'What luck?'

'Fish scarce here. Been here a week. Twenty-five hundred fish.'

'Blast it, boys! 't won't do to stop here. Keep her off. No knowin', though; some of them Beverly men are lazy as the d—l; snore half the time, with the cod-line in their hands. Keep her away!'

Five miles done; that 'l do, I guess. Down fore-s'l and jib, and over with the mud-hook. Try your lines, boys. That's it, C——; by George, that's a smasher!' Hurrah! here's another! Go it, F——; that's your sort. Come, B——, get us some bait with your mackerel jig. Hurrah! I b'lieve we've all got a bite at once! Hold on to him, F——; do n't let him get the upper hand. A couple of togas, I'll bet! Steady! there she comes! By the living jingo, it's a blue shark! All hands!—gaffs! Where's the crowbar? Quick; knock him on the head! There, he's off—hook and all! Cook, a hook!'

'Hurrah, C——! I should be ashamed to show that fellow, if he is a toga. (A toga, by the way, is one of the finny nobility; a fish of the largest size.) Why, he's all covered with bruises—enough to poison a regiment! Never mind; in with him—he'll weigh just as much for all that.'

'That's it; haul'em in—haul'em in! We'll have a back-load to-night, any way.'

'Hilloa!' cries S——, one of the shoresmen, 'who the d—l has got my lead again? You, F——? Haul away there, you sculpin! Slack up it is. Come, clear your line, there; be lively! I've got as many as a dozen fish waiting for me down below here. D——n it! do n't be all day; cut off your lead if you can't do any better. Here goes again.'

And so the fun goes on; the cod-lines humming in by the 'fool-bobbles,' and the scaly denizens tumbling into the kids, of all sizes in body, from five feet down to one.

Supper over, now comes the dressing. The 'throater,' the 'header,' the 'splitter,' take stations at the speedily-erected table.

As fast as the fish are cut, and cleaned, and boned, they are thrown into the hold, where the 'salter' gives them the finishing stroke. When all is over, and night has closed in, the watch is set, and all hands start off 'to bunk.' The solitary watch takes his hour upon the deck, and with his hands thrust in his jacket-pockets, hums some such 'new music' as this :

'The minstrel's returned from the war,  
His spirits are buoyant as air;  
And thus, on his tuneful guitar,  
He sings in the bower of his fair.'

The moon is dimmed by misty clouds, and as the night wears away, the low winds begin to rise, and murmur mournfully through the rigging. 'A norther to-morrow, lads !'

The morn has come at last, but sunless and gloomy. The rain is driving over the planks ; the winds commence to 'speechify' over head ; and our little craft, in answer to their elementary lingo, rocks and sways over the uneasy and tremulous billows. The men, casting an eye above, as they turn out one by one, wear a sulky look upon the tip of the nose and upon the edge of the upper lip, indicative of a day or two of uncomfortable moisture. Plash ! plash ! work, work away ! And now begin the troubles of the day. Half a dozen lines come up fouled together ; sharesmen begin to swear bitterly : cross over and console each other ; back again, swearing with fresh energy. The wind and sea increase ; the spray flies over the deck ; the mackerel and bait-barrels, and the 'doctor's' pots and kettles, begin to kick up a row. 'Hurrah ! here we go it, right and left, boys !'

'Thank the stars ! the night has come at last, and the sooner we get to sleep the better, for it's my second watch.' That 'second watch' !—forever be it anathematized by all fishing-going people !

Bump ! bump ! bump !—thump ! thump !—whack ! go the waves against the bow-planks at our heads. All at once a shower-bath comes tumbling down into the forecastle. Next comes the call :

'All hands ! all hands to heave up ! Tumble up ! tumble up, boys !'

'Well, here we are in bunk again, after a good hour's sweat ; ourselves well soaked, and the bed-clothes more so. Blast all fishing, I say, and cod-fishing in particular ! By Jehu ! there it is again ! 'Reef, 'o !' We'd better give up sleeping for to-night, I think.'

Morning once more ; the fishermen at their lines. Rainy, and dreary enough.

'George,' cries the skipper, as the bait-tender catches certain promising bites from his enterprising friends, the mackerel, 'I believe that there are some of these scamps about here. Come, leave your cod-lines, boys, and let's try for some mackerel. I b'lieve that there are some about.'

'Yes, here they are ! Be lively there ! be lively ! Had n't more'n got my jig over, fore one grabbed it. Snap-oh !—that's your sort ! In with 'em, B ——— ! Go it, C ——— ! Here they come, with a



rush! Keep the bait going, F——; only do n't fling too much at a time. Oh! the bright-bellied, steel-barred little varmints, how I love 'em! In with 'em, right over the fore-finger, whip-ity-whip! Ha! just saved that fellow; had the hook just caught in the corner of his mouth. Whe-e-w!—thought I *had* that chap! That 's it; here they come, two at a time. Mind your eyes down there on the main-deck, or we shall get our barrels filled first.'

'Gracious! how the old schooner pitches into it, bows and stern! I b'lieve a rough sea gives the mackerel better appetite, just as it does with us humans.'

'Look ahead there; there 's a school of 'em, as sure as I 'm a living codder! Over with the bait—more, *more* of it! Set the old bait-mill going. Tow 'em along, if you can. I say, all of you, see that your jigs are in prime order, for if we do get hold of 'em, our lines and hooks will have to take it, I guess, for a spell. Here they come! Ready!'

'There! by thunder! we 've lost them, after all! Some of them infernal sharks has skeered 'em, and the whole school is off to windward. Never mind; better luck next time.'

Now let us take a peep at the fisherman's Sunday. Aboard our fisherman the main service of Sunday consists in washing and mending stockings, shirts and other indispensables; perfect liberty to read the Bible, though, for any one who chooses.

'It 's very convenient to have a Bible aboard,' said S——; 'every vessel ought to carry a Bible. It 's a handy book, whether any one reads it or not!'

Instead of prayers, or other religious services, *our* crew take up the time, otherwise unemployed, in yarns and general discussions, philosophical, etc., of which the following may be taken as a fair specimen. The theme is the origin of thunder:

'Wal,' says the old skipper, with a sage look, gravely rolling his quid round in his mouth, 'wal, I reckon all that 'ere talk about 'lec-trissety, and all that, is fudge. Any body might 'a knowed that. Now I s'pose the way on 't is this: you see, the air gits into them great black clouds, just as it does into those pigs'-bladders, such as we used to kick for foot-balls. Wal, then the wind, when it blows, blows them right up together, and a tremendous bus'tin' they make on 't. That 's the way the thunder comes.'

'But the lightnin', cap'n?'

'Wal, the lightnin'—ahem! Wal, I d' n' know, 'cept the clouds strike fire, as it may be, when they come together so all-powerful hard. Any way, they gets the lightnin' out somehow, and as for the thunder, any body can see into that.'

Sunset. The triple hills of old Buonaventure rise lustrous in almost transparent blue above the clear-cut horizon. The sun is sinking gradually to his rest, and veils just now his face behind a cloudy mass of purple-gray; lower down, the flood of his obstructed rays tints the sky with glowing golden yellow, broken by cloudlets of infinite tinge; crimson and purple, rose and scarlet, deep-blue and warm-gray, and the tender hue of loving pink; while upon the hori-

zon-line which outflanks the last mountain-islet, the black-blue sea-wave fights in vain undulation against the glorious light which surmounts it; the scene where Day, in dying, puts forth his full magnificence in one overpowering struggle.

See how prettily that old Marblehead-man far yonder looms up in black against the mountain-blue of Buonaventure; swaying playfully on the billow, which perchance, in the lapse of a few hours, comes swashing against the side of our own gallant Polly. We know the old fellow by the cut of his 'try-sail.' Divers are the fashions of the fisherman's try-sail, each indicating some peculiar birth-place. There is the 'Provincetown,' the 'Beverly,' the 'Old Harwicher,' each after its own peculiar form, as dear, no doubt, and as *recherché* to every individual skipper, as is the cut of the adorable Blank's newest and best, to the heart of the aspiring dandy of broadcloth connoisseurship.

Fain would I farther initiate the reader into the mysterious details of cod-and-mackerel-dom; but I 'can no more;' and if he wishes to know more about it, let him go a-fishing himself! Let me explain, however, that the try-sail above mentioned is a small sail, under which the craft lie-to when fishing, although sometimes a reefed main-sail is used instead.

But lo and behold! Night cometh, and in our bunks we gladly court the favors of the drowsy god, as he throws over our tired limbs a comfortable coverlid. Swiftly to the sphere of dreams we glide! We are in the green fields once more. The all-penetrating smell of fish is transmuted by fairy magic to the sweet odor of flowers and new-mown hay. The snore of our messmate in the crib overhead is changed to the laughing, liquid tones of some young Hebe at home. The gush of waters at our head is now a summer breeze, breathing health and joy through apple-blossoms and waving foliage. Anon the scene revolves. Dull thunders are heard, growling 'Watch, ho!' as they sink in echoing distance. But the fairy-bark launches off once more down the illimitable gulf of Sleep; down, down, with ever-falling flight, to 'dark and dread oblivion!'

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THE SLANDERER: A SONNET.

BY B. W. O. MASSETT.

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THERE treads this earth a fiend, of whom beware!  
 Whose breath more pestilent than Upas-tree,  
 Beneath whose poisoned shade droops witheringly  
 Each shrub, each flow'ret, bloom it e'er so fair,  
 Turneth youth's fondest hopes to dark despair;  
 Whose green eye sparkleth with a hellish glee,  
 More hideous than the hyena's dreaded glare,  
 When by the plottings of his treachery  
 The victim falls; whose bosom knows no mirth,  
 Save those unholy joys that sound the knell  
 Of blasted happiness, that harshly tell  
 Of an aspiring spirit crushed to earth!  
 Youth, Beauty, Genius, Virtue—fear to stay!  
 Behold the SLANDERER! Away! away!

New-York, May, 1846.

## 'GONE BEFORE US.'

Oh! what of those who travel on before us  
 To the bright spirit-land that lies afar;  
 Wandering among the soft lights sailing o'er us,  
 Perhaps the guiding spirit of some star?

What of them, as we lay them in the drear  
 And awful place the soul shrinks from with dread;  
 And fling the cold clod in; and fiery tear,  
 And leave them with the myriads of the dead?

O! do they fly off, as we fain would dream,  
 And dwell at ease above the upper sphere?  
 And doth a holier sun upon them stream,  
 Such as too oft is shrouded o'er us here?

And do the joys we think of, live for them,  
 And are they free from life's dread, awful sting?  
 And must they there no more life's current stem,  
 And press on, while the soul is withering?

Is there a world of beauty such as this,  
 Where all of light the earth has glows around?  
 Beautiful ever the majestic skies,  
 Beautiful round them all the teeming ground?

Have they wild streams of beauty pouring on?  
 See they such groves and forests as have we,  
 When the Spring comes, or when the Summer's done,  
 And ringing with resistless harmony?

Do old hearts link there as they often will,  
 Unto each other, 'neath Love's sweet control,  
 Driving away the very thought of ill,  
 And giving us the 'Sabbath of the Soul'?

Are *all* the dreams we often here have cherished  
 Redeemed in full in the far future scene?  
 And breaks the heart there never o'er hopes perished,  
 Till we have cursed the blisses that have been?

Then will we leave them as they onward go,  
 One after one unto the farther land;  
 And we will still the soul, and meekly bow  
 To HIM who chastens with a Father's hand!

We will prepare us for the solemn change  
 That must wait all, to leave this clogging clay;  
 And try the spirit-world, and its far range,  
 And bask us in the splendors of its day!

New-Haven, Conn.

VOL. XXVII.

WILLIAM THOMPSON BACON.

## THE SAINT LEGER PAPERS.

NUMBER ELEVEN.

YES! — the beautiful LEILA stood upon the threshold! There could be no doubt of her identity with the maiden I had seen with Vautrey. She stood motionless, and for a moment seemed lost in astonishment at beholding a stranger. She was about returning to her apartment, when her father prevented her retreat.' 'Leila,' he said, 'come hither.' The latter slowly obeyed the summons, and advanced toward her father without in the least noticing me. 'My child,' said the Wædallah, for so I will now call him, 'this is our kinsman, William Henry St. Leger of Warwickshire; you will receive him as such.'

The maiden drew herself up, made me a distant salutation, which I returned with equal *hauteur*, and said to her father in Italian:

'I beg you will not force me to make his acquaintance; pray let me retire.' To which I immediately replied in French, (for although I was tolerably versed in Italian, I would not trust myself to speak it,) 'Unfortunately, Mademoiselle, I am sufficiently acquainted with your language to comprehend what you say, and I am equally unlucky in understanding French, German, Spanish, the dead languages, and my mother tongue. If you will have the kindness to select any other than those I have mentioned, I promise you I cannot play the eaves-dropper.'

The girl was fairly taken by surprise at my impudent boldness, and seemed for a moment at a loss whether or not to take it in good part. The oddity of the whole scene, I think, seemed to turn the scale in my favor. Extending to me her hand, she exclaimed:

'Since our kinsman has so many weapons at command, submission on our part is discretion. Welcome, Mr. St. Leger, to the rocks of St. Kilda.'

'And since,' replied I, warmly, 'I have at last received a kinsman's reception, I beg to make an apology for my rudeness.'

'Enough,' interrupted the Wædallah, much to my chagrin, 'enough for this once, or you will exceed bounds. So it is ever with youth; one extreme or the other; now all ice, then a burning heat; ecstasy or in despair; frowning like Medusa or smiling like Helen. Why should it not be so? What would the world come to, if the young had experience? To an end, speedily! So, go on — go on; freeze and seethe, bubble and boil, till life has ended, and not even the vapor remains.'

I stood regarding the speaker in mute astonishment during this strange harangue; and when he had concluded, I turned to witness its effect upon Leila, but discovered that she had taken advantage of it to effect a retreat to her own apartment. Feeling no desire to encourage farther conversation of this sort, I resolved if possible to

put an end to it. 'I know not,' said I, 'to what such remarks tend, nor why they are addressed to me. Indeed, why I am here, I know not. You invited me to enter, and I have done so. If you are my kinsman, treat me with the confidence our relationship merits.'

'If you are my kinsman!' reëchoed the Wœdallah, rising and regarding me with an anxious searching look; 'miserable boy! do you *doubt* it? Or — is it possible? — can I have been deceived?' he continued, again scrutinizing my features. 'But no — it cannot be.' Taking the ring, which I had delivered from its envelope, and again reading what was within, he exclaimed, in a loud tone, 'Ay, ay, receive him — receive him; but — but *poison not his soul, FOR IT MAY NOT BE!*'

His appearance all this time was so like a madman's, that I turned away my face in horror. The Wœdallah paused, and then addressed me precisely as if not one word had been uttered by him, and I doubt much if he was conscious of having spoken.

'The confidence you ask,' he said calmly, 'shall be extended to you. Indeed, you have a right to demand it. But first tell me how fare all at — at Bertold Castle. Your father and your mother? You have a brother and a sister also; are all well? And — and Aunt Alice, as you call her, bears she her years bravely? Has time left many marks of his ravages upon her frame? — her *spirit* will resist the spoiler forever and forever — tell me, how is she? Then she knew of your coming hither, and gave you *these*?'

One question had followed another in such rapid succession that I could not reply to any till the questioner paused. I then answered generally as to our family, and those of whom he asked particularly, stating, as I had previously done, that my visit to St. Kilda was almost accidental. 'Did *she* not tell you that *I* was here?' was the next question.

'She did not,' was my reply.

'T is strange; yet not strange,' he continued; 'but I embarrass you. I am in fault. And so you struck boldly for Hirta! A hardy enterprise: for how old are you?'

I stated my age: 'So young! I pity thee; I had supposed thou hadst fewer years in which to suffer; but I see you have not begun to experience. Have you had any misgivings, any doubts?'

It seemed while I heard these words from the lips of a kinsman, words which echoed back my own secret distrusts and fears, as if the Arch-Enemy stood before me, luring me to destruction. I shrunk from the tempter. My better nature rallied to resist his insidious attack, and by this I knew how necessary was temptation to a salutary state of mind and heart. I answered calmly and with courage:

'Who trusts in his MAKER knows neither misgiving nor doubt. His providence protects from both.'

'Wait a while,' returned the other, sneeringly, 'and you will tell a different tale. Does Job fear God for naught? Have you not youth and health and senses; a full capacity for earthly enjoyment? Does not the blood go beating through your veins in the very hey-day rapture of young life? Confidence in your MAKER, forsooth!

say rather confidence in your own glowing energy; but energy will wane by and by, and confidence along with it.'

I was startled at such bold and impious language; but my heart grew firm under the attack, and I answered him: 'And *why* should not man trust his CREATOR? *Why* should he have any misgivings, any doubts as you call them, when he knows that CREATOR to be all-wise, all-just and all-powerful? And why should not confidence increase with years?'

'Because, because,' returned my kinsman, impatiently, 'neither in youth nor early manhood do we enjoy the fruits of our labors; because we are put off, put off till old age, before the reward cometh; until the reward is known to be vanity, and we care not for it; and therefore do distrust and apprehension creep gloomily over the soul.'

'We should carry the reward daily in our bosoms,' said I. 'He is a supremely selfish being who looks to the reward merely *as* a reward, and selfishness itself is very desolation to the heart.'

'Ho! ho!' shouted the other, scornfully; 'a philanthropist, I perceive, and universal benevolence your rule of action! Wait till Sin has turned Virtue out-of-doors, and Folly has sent Benevolence to keep her company; till Ingratitude has soured your mind, and you have found in your bosom friend a viper; till you have spent life's progress in that utter toil of the human spirit, and you awake, as from a dream, the victim of delusive, presumptuous hope, and find yourself borne down by a stern, unaccommodating, unyielding necessity into deep interminable perdition, while the MAKER whom you worshipped — ha! ha! — mocks at your distresses, or coldly regards the helpless struggles of His victim, as if HE rejoiced at his agonies! Ay, wait — and the time is short — *wait* till then, and you also will exclaim, even as do I, 'O! Humanity! Humanity! how truly do I pity thee!'

During this harangue, it seemed to me as if I was encountering Satan in bodily presence. At the same time all the strength of my moral nature rose within me. I came close to the speaker, and boldly met his sarcastic sneer. 'Man!' exclaimed I, 'Tempter! fiend! avaunt! I defy thee. If I choose to do right and be virtuous, it is not in the power of Omnipotence to make me miserable. If I choose to do wrong and be sinful, God himself cannot make me happy!'

As I pronounced these words, the Wædallah started up and turned upon me a countenance in which a thousand evil spirits seemed struggling for expression. Rage and hate and dark despair were stamped upon it, but he spoke not. Just then the scroll which Aunt Alice had sent by me fell accidentally open upon the floor. I took it up and handed it to him, at the same time placing my finger upon the words he had before repeated aloud, '*But poison not his soul.*' The poor man turned his eye upon the paper. All trace of anger and hatred vanished. Deep melancholy again took possession of his features, and he exclaimed: 'True — oh! true; too true! No. I will not — I will not!' and rushed into the adjoining apartment.



I stood in strange perplexity. Curious phantasies flocked through my brain. I began to believe that I was in the abode of some powerful necromancer, who had chosen this storm-beaten island for his habitation, and that the fair Leila was but the sorceress through whose blandishments I had been lured thither. I should not have been much surprised to have seen her step forth a wrinkled ill-favored shrivelled hag. In short; I would most gladly have changed localities with old Gonzalo, whose isle, though 'full of noises,'

'Of elves, of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,'

was also filled with

'Sounds and sweet airs, which give delight and hurt not.'

How I wished for something to destroy the horrible illusion which was stealing over me! Had Hubert then made his appearance, or had old Christie thrust his head through the narrow door-way, it would have been an indescribable relief. What was I to do? Should I leave in silence, and if so, was I privileged to return?

At this moment the beautiful Leila, the influence of whose name had certainly caused the last interrogatory, again opened the door and came into the room:

'Mr. St. Leger,' said she, 'my father desires that you would excuse his not seeing you again to-day. He has suddenly been taken ill, and requests that you would visit him to-morrow.'

'Ill?' said I; 'nothing alarming, I hope. Can I not render some assistance?'

'None, I assure you,' replied the maiden; 'yet I must not leave him;' and with rather a formal salutation, she disappeared.

Nothing was left for me but to make my way back to the village, where I found Hubert eagerly impatient to see me.

It required, I acknowledge, a great effort for me to turn from the exciting and intensely interesting events of the morning, to give attention to Hubert's vivacious account of his doings and discoveries. At first, I could not bear to have the image of Leila displaced for a moment from my mind, and I listened with so bad a grace for the first few moments, that Hubert began to lose his patience. This brought me to my senses; and promising to pay better heed, I soon became interested in his narrative, which I shall condense, leaving out nothing of importance.

He had seen Vautrey. He had discovered his whereabouts, in the following manner: Christie, having been informed that the 'strange boat' was in the habit of putting in at the north-west side of the island, proceeded with Hugh and Aleck to watch its movements. They saw Vautrey and two others leave the shore and steer due north. Christie at once set sail after them, and managed, to keep in sight till he saw the adventurers land at Boreray. Returning at once, he informed Hubert of his success, and the whole party embarked again, taking in three natives of the island, with whom Christie had become particularly well acquainted, through his friend the old herring cruiser. It being but some two leagues to Boreray,

and the day fine, the latter place was soon made, when all hands landed except one, who stayed with the boat. According to Hubert's account, the isle was 'full of wonders;' a little more than one mile in circumference, and girt about with rocks piled upon each other to a prodigious height. A considerable number of sheep and an innumerable quantity of sea-fowl were its sole occupants. The St. Kilda men informed Christie that there was a large stone dwelling in the island, which Vautrey had undoubtedly converted to his own use. Thither Hubert and his company repaired. As was anticipated, they found the place inhabited; and on seeking admission, Hubert and Count Vautrey met. The latter was completely surprised, and for the first time almost in his life seemed to lose his self-possession. He evidently supposed—for when does guilt ever rest quite undisturbed in the human bosom?—that Glenfinglas had not survived his wound, and that Highland retribution had followed him hither. He therefore scarcely recognized the presence of the intruders, but waited for Hubert to speak first. The latter, forgetting for the moment their late quarrel, at once relieved Vautrey from his embarrassment.

'Count,' said he, 'we have met strangely enough. I desire to say that my voyage to St. Kilda was made without the slightest suspicion of meeting you here; and we have to-day visited Boreray from curiosity, I admit, understanding that a strange boat had landed in the island.'

'Hubert Moncrieff,' returned Vautrey, 'as I have said before, I have no cause for mortal quarrel with you. I have felt no hatred of you, neither had I any enmity toward that dull fool, Glenfinglas. He bearded me, and he perished; he provoked his fate.'

'Not so fast, Count!' said Hubert, a little piqued; 'the life of yon Highland laird is not so easily struck from his body, although I admit your skill, and doubt not that you did your best; but believe me, Glenfinglas is as good as new; ready to wage his feud with you forever and a day; so take heed how you go near Kilchurn Castle.'

'I am glad,' said Vautrey, 't is no worse. As for his enmity, why, if he provokes me, I shall strike surer next time. And as for you, Moncrieff, if you choose it so, here is my hand, in token that the past goes for nothing.'

It was with no little surprise that Hubert perceived the Count adopt a tone so different from his character; but as he had no time to consider the subject, he received his hand and assented, with what readiness he could, to his friendly overture. During this conversation, Vautrey's followers had entered the apartment. One of them proved to be the same sinister-looking fellow that attended him at Glencoe; the other was, as Hubert expressed it, 'the most perfect specimen of goblin-ugliness' he ever beheld; 'the very impersonation of all that was wild, savage and malicious.' 'It was amusing,' said Hubert, 'to witness Christie's demeanor during the interview. He was doubtless anticipating violence of some sort; and when Vautrey's men entered, you might have seen the old fel-

low take a firmer position ; his eyes dilated, his muscles seemed braced up for duty, and his whole person was evidently *on guard* ; while Hugh and Aleck closely watched his motions, prepared, if need be, for instant service. The two St. Kilda men stood directly behind, and appeared ready for any duty that should be required.' Without doubt, Vautrey's consciousness of guilt and the presence of superior numbers caused him to pursue a course which he knew would not fail to be successful with one of Hubert's manly and generous character.

'As you say,' remarked the Count, quietly, 'it is strange that we should meet here, and by mere accident. Pray, when do you return to Glencoe?'

'Oh,' replied Hubert, 'we shall be off in a few days : indeed, I am ready now, for I have had enough of climbing rocks and tasting salt water ; but I wait St. Leger's movements. He planned the voyage, so I defer to him.'

'St. Leger !' exclaimed Vautrey, starting as if a serpent had stung him ; 'St. Leger ! is he with you ?' Hubert nodded assent. 'St. Leger ! Death and damnation ! Hell and furies !—am I to be doubly thwarted ? A pretty story you have trumped up, to deceive me as to the object of your voyage ! You think to circumvent me, and you would accomplish this by a low deception. 'Met by accident !'—ha ! ha ! And this, then, is the boasted faith of a Moncrieff ! A petty subterfuge, and a lie with a circumstance !'

'Vautrey !' said Hubert, pale as death with suppressed passion, but at the same time, very calm, 'Vautrey, I repeat what I have said ; and I add beside, that neither St. Leger nor myself had the slightest suspicion that you were in St. Kilda when we landed here. And now, unless you retract upon the spot the opprobrious words you have dared to utter against my honor and my name, mark me, Vautrey, thou diest !—ay, thou *dienst* like a dog ; for I will not contaminate myself ; but thou shalt be ignominiously put to death by my followers ; overpowered by numbers, if you choose so to call it, as a noxious animal is hunted down, and his carrion carcass thrown out to feed the vultures !'

While Hubert was speaking, Vautrey stood like some malignant fiend, whose plans of wickedness have suddenly been discovered and frustrated. He actually ground his teeth with rage, but did not change his position, except to glance toward his men, only one of whom remained near him. The savage had just before retreated into the next apartment.

Quick as thought Vautrey's whole demeanor changed. Again he assumed a frank and open, though calm manner : 'Moncrieff,' said he, 'you were right—I was wrong. In this case, I was the first to provoke you by unreasonable and improper accusations ; still, as you may perhaps know, this same St. Leger and myself are no friends ; and, excuse me, there was a particular reason why the mention of his name just then should annoy, nay, very much disturb me. Let it pass. You were excited, and threatened me. You were in the right ; so let *that* pass. I believe you will not deny to

me personal courage; and that, fearing, as I do, neither man nor devil, you will credit the concessions I make to the right motive. If this does not satisfy you, come on; the stag is at bay! Laurent de Vautrey will die as he has lived, defying his enemies!

'There was something about this speech,' said Hubert, 'there was something about Vautrey's manner, which almost convinced me that he spoke as he felt, although I remembered your explanation of his character; that he had no feeling, and spoke only as he ought to feel. Still, I could not appear otherwise than satisfied with his retraction. I therefore told him I was glad to hear him take back so foul a slander, and that what had passed between us I was willing should be forgotten. So, after a little unimportant conversation, carried on with no little restraint, we took leave of this forty-second cousin of ours, who was all the time, I know, secretly cursing me from the bottom of his heart. Depend upon it, we shall have trouble with that fellow. Oh! but he need not think to deceive me by this hypocritical reconciliation! His eyes were full of the venom of the damned, while he was pretending a great desire for peace and amity. He came near his end, I assure you. Christie had advanced half a pace in front, and was longing to begin. But 't is best ended as it is—if we have indeed seen the end. Now, St. Leger, what word from you? What of our beautiful storm-nymph, and the old surly storm-king, her father? See if you can surpass me in the recital of the marvellous.'

As I was particularly disinclined to give to any one an account of the scene between my kinsman and myself, I treated Hubert to a general outline, concluding by informing him that I was to have another interview on the morrow.

'Well,' said Hubert, 'for my part, I have had enough of St. Kilda. Our adventure appears pretty well over, unless you are yet to make something out of yon dark-eyed damsel, or the old—pshaw! I never can remember that word. Who knows, by the way, but he keeps the young girl pent up in this desolate place against her will? What say you to effecting her deliverance, and 'up stick' and away? Seriously, though, when shall we be off? I want to witness a hunt for birds'-eggs, which I am told is a wonderful affair; and we shall have one, Christie says, in two or three days; and then, what say you for Glencoe?'

I mechanically gave my assent to whatever Hubert suggested, for my mind was so full of the events of the day that I could do little else. In my perplexity I resolved to apply to the excellent Mr. David Cantyre. I readily entered into conversation with the worthy man, which very naturally turned upon what I had seen new and interesting during the day's ramble. I mentioned without hesitation my meeting with a 'most singular personage,' detailing however nothing of what had passed, except that I spent some time in his company. I concluded by asking Mr. Cantyre to tell me the motive which caused such a person to sojourn here, apparently without occupation or inducement.

'My young friend,' said the Minister, 'I do not wonder at your

curiosity, but I very much wonder how you could have prevailed upon this strange man to converse with you, especially at this time, when he is not alone.'

'You refer to his daughter?' said I.

'Yes,' replied the minister; 'you certainly did not see her?'

'She came into the room,' I replied, 'without being aware of my presence. But excuse me, I am eager to hear all you know about them.'

'It is a long story,' said my host, 'but I will make it as brief as possible. Some six years since, a boat put into the landing-place, containing, beside the crew, a man, a little girl and an old female servant. After remaining here but a day, the boat again put to sea. Our people are hospitable, and food and shelter were at once offered to the new-comers. The man was somewhat past the prime of life, and had evidently experienced that wear and tear of spirit which never fails to bring on premature old age. He seemed to carry within him a restless, unquiet soul, which had long sought for tranquillity, and found it not. Yet there was no shrinking from intercourse with his fellow-men, no expressed desire to live apart from them, or in privacy; on the contrary, giving as a reason for selecting St. Kilda for his abode, the advantages of an exclusive sea-atmosphere, he interested himself in the various matters of the island, and appeared desirous to do what good he could. At this time our present worthy and most excellent steward was not the owner of St. Kilda: the island has since descended to him; neither was I then in charge of its spiritualities, nor was there at the time any minister here.' The former steward had the name of being a hard-fisted, griping, tyrannical person. He employed a deputy of the same nature as himself to collect his rents. Not content with putting an additional tax upon sheep, this creature insisted upon receiving, as a special perquisite, every seventh fleece and every seventh lamb, a certain number of eggs and a certain quantity of oil. Upon persons of such small means as the poor Hirta people, this extortion had a most cruel effect. In the mean time the stranger had got to feel quite at home in his new abode. He had been furnished with a comfortable dwelling, for which, however, he paid most bountifully in gold, an article the St. Kildans had very little acquaintance with, but of which they nevertheless knew the use. His little girl was a dark-eyed, sprightly, beautiful child; and altogether, a deep interest was felt by these simple-minded people for both parent and child. The cause of their coming hither remained a profound mystery, nor do I know if it has been solved to this day. Although the stranger evidently carried at his heart some heavy weight, which saddened and depressed his spirit, he manifested no misanthropic feelings, but on the contrary, appeared desirous to be useful to the inhabitants.

'In a short time he came to be looked upon as a superior being; his advice was asked and taken, he was called upon in sickness, and his remedies were almost always efficacious. As the stranger never had given his name to any one, and there was no way to dis-

cover it, he was called by the islanders '*The Staller*;' literally, '*The Man of The Rocks*;' a name, in a St. Kildan's estimation, conveying a compliment of the highest kind. As he gradually became more esteemed among them, especially for his skill in the healing art, he received the additional title of *Wædaller*, or as some pronounce it, *Wædallah*—literally, '*The God of the Rocks*;' and by that name he is now universally known. As the autumn approached, the same boat which had brought this strange being hither, made its appearance, freighted with a multitude of necessaries for its owner, received his child on board, and departed. Meanwhile, the tyranny of the old steward became nearly insupportable. He even objected to the stranger's remaining in the island, and continued to levy tax upon tax upon the poor St. Kildans, with increasing rapacity. They in their distress applied to the *Wædallah*, and begged him to afford them some relief. The latter undertook to remonstrate with the deputy, but the only consequence was, he was ordered to leave the island. This produced a general feeling of indignation, but the inhabitants were so completely dependent upon the steward, that resistance appeared hopeless. Not so thought the stranger. He called the men together, advised them to submit to such tyranny no longer, and offered himself to effect their deliverance. The St. Kildans were, as you see them, a hardy but simple race, bold and courageous; nay, performing the most daring feats in their ordinary avocations; yet the idea of rebellion against what they considered the constituted authority, to which they and their fathers before them had implicitly submitted, struck their hearts with fear. Although they regarded the *Wædallah* as almost superhuman, and felt that he had done them great service, yet the *prestige* of ancient dominion, no matter how unjust and oppressive, had so strong an influence over their minds, that they trembled to break through it. The utter helplessness of their situation no doubt lent a strong argument to this conclusion. The *Wædallah* heard their decision with mortification and anger; pronounced them craven, faint-hearted poltroons, and declared that he himself would resist in person any encroachments upon his rights.

In this resolution he was joined by some ten or twelve hardy young men, who were devoted to him body and soul, and who now entered into the struggle for liberty with all the determination and ardor of young and stout hearts. The next time the steward's deputy approached the island, he was told very significantly that it would be dangerous for him to land; and on his attempting it, he was repulsed without ceremony, and he himself narrowly escaped being drowned from an over-ducking. The *Wædallah* took no active part in this affair, but it was believed that he directed the entire movement. Soon after, his own boat, which came regularly to the island twice a year, arrived, bringing many necessaries now absolutely required by the inhabitants. These were distributed impartially among them without compensation, and the poor St. Kilda men began to feel all the privileges of freemen. But the steward was too influential a personage to allow the affair to rest in this way.



He made a second attempt to land in person, but with no better success. Incensed by such open contempt of his authority, he applied to his cousin the Duke of Buccleugh, by whose influence a company of His Majesty's troops were ordered to land in the island, and enforce submission among the refractory tenants. Even then, had the whole strength of the island united to resist the assailants, the latter might have been defeated; but the appearance of a military force struck these ignorant people with awe and terror. Indeed, there was scarcely any thing like resistance. But before the active participators in 'the rebellion,' as it was termed, could be discovered, they had safely effected their escape from the north-west point of the island, accompanied by the Wœdallah, in a small boat belonging to him. The party, consisting of twelve men in all, took possession of Soay, a small island but a little distance south-west of Hirta, belonging also to the steward, which was uninhabited, except by large flocks of sheep and bevys of sea-fowl. Here the fugitives built a strange kind of habitation. We will sail across and take a look at it to-morrow if you like. It is some ten or twenty feet high, the top being level with the earth, by which it is surrounded; thence it extends downward in a circular form, gradually enlarging and enlarging, until the bottom is reached; while at the top it narrows off in the form of a cone, so that a single large stone covers it. By removing the stone, the habitation is ventilated. There is a large stone seat built around the paved floor on which some sixteen can conveniently sit, and four beds are built skilfully into the wall, each capable of holding four persons. To each of these is a separate entry, the whole being most sagaciously arranged to prevent discovery and to resist attack. I believe there were but two attempts made to dispossess the occupants of the habitation they had chosen. Each time the elements seemed to rise in their favor, for a storm sprung up before it was possible to effect a landing, and so carefully was the place guarded, that at any time it would have proved a dangerous experiment.

For more than a year the Wœdallah and his men maintained this position, without any communication with the main island. He had sent his small boat off with two or three men, on first going to Soay, and shortly after another boat landed there, freighted with necessities. The inhabitants of Hirta began to miss the favors which they formerly received, and fain would have visited the Wœdallah in his retreat, but this they were not permitted to do by the latter. Meanwhile the steward of St. Kilda and its dependencies having gone, as was his custom at certain seasons, to Edinburgh, where he partook most freely of dinners, of suppers, of whiskey-punches and brandy-toddy, went home, and — died; some said of a surfeit; others denied this, from the fact that he was in the habit of indulging in this way at least twice every year. So the matter never was settled; except indeed that he did die and was admitted to Christian burial. With his successor every thing was changed. The rents were reduced; a minister, (my worthy predecessor,) was again sent to the island; for no minister would consent to remain under the old stew-

ard; and the wants of the people kindly regarded. The change produced by this new state of things was instantaneous. Cheerfulness and prosperity again reigned in St. Kilda, and happiness and contentment universally prevailed. The men who had taken up their abode in Soay now returned; but not the Wødallah. He had left that island as soon as his followers had landed in Hirta, and had sailed no one knew whither. At the end of another year he came back. It was the same season I myself came hither. He did not make the usual landing, but put in at the same place which he had left two years before; near the spot where you saw and conversed with him, he had landed and taken possession of his old dwelling, (which remained unoccupied) before any one was aware of it. Mystery marked all his movements. Report said that a beautiful woman, though past the bloom of womanhood, had been forcibly taken ashore, and was detained a captive in the habitation of the Wødallah. The boat did not remain, so that no information was elicited from the crew. The only person ever visible about the premises was the same old woman who had before been with the Wødallah. Shortly after he landed, this old creature brought me a letter from the steward, desiring that the wants of this mysterious man might be supplied, should he ever require any aid, and requesting that his privacy might *never* (with a particular emphasis on that word) be intruded upon.

‘On his arrival, the whole island went to greet him, and welcome him back, for he was looked upon with affectionate regard by every man, woman and child in St. Kilda; but the Wødallah declined communication with any except his fellow sojourners at Soay, whom he received kindly, and conversed with a few moments earnestly. They soon took leave of him, and never visited him again. After this, the most singular and absurd reports began to be spread through the island. The story of the captive lady gained ground daily; and the little glen and landing-place beyond were rarely visited. Regularly twice a year the Wødallah’s boat made its appearance, sometimes bringing his young daughter, now growing up into a woman, to spend a short season. What is remarkable, this strange man became very particular in his dress: before, it always had a foreign appearance; now it was plain, entirely English, and newly-replenished every six months. With him personally I have scarcely had any intercourse; and by thus humoring his wishes, have often been able indirectly to render him desirable assistance; for there are things in St. Kilda, strange to say, that money cannot command. In return, I have often received from the old woman a new and valuable book, or some little luxury or convenience not to be obtained here. I had nearly forgot to mention that there was a report about a year ago that the captive lady had breathed her last. One of the St. Kilda men affirmed, that passing near the glen one day, he had the courage to steal near the dwelling and peep in, where he saw the old woman laying out the fresh-laid corpse of a beautiful female. Another affirmed that when the next boat left, it received on board something very like a coffin. These rumors it is

impossible to place reliance upon ; still the whole affair is veiled in mystery ; a mystery which I care not to pry into. All that I know about it you have heard.'

I thanked the minister for his narrative, and as the evening was advanced, I bade him good-night, and turned once more into my hole in the wall, my brain full of new fancies and new perplexities. At last I fell asleep.

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T H E B E L L E .

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BY J. HONNETWELL.

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I.

AH ! fair ones, who at rout or ball abuse the hours of night,  
Who go to rest in beauty's guise, but wake in other plight ;  
Pray tell me why at breakfast hour ye lay aside your arts,  
And how it is that morning breaks the spell that bound our hearts ?

II.

I saw one at that matin hour, her folded curls in papers,  
And in her hair a last-night's rose, that smelt of dying tapers ;  
Her brow was clouded, as with pain, her cheek was lily pale,  
While in her dull abstracted gaze I read a pensive tale.

III.

Is this thought I, the envied belle that shone so wondrous fair —  
With such a weary, languid look, and sad dejected air ?  
Last night no step so light as her's — and her large lustrous eyes  
Compelled the worship of the proud, the homage of the wise.

IV.

If those admirers saw her now, so pale and wo-begone,  
With pallid lip and drooping head, and attitude forlorn,  
Their hearts, that in bewildering bliss, were thrall'd by beauty's chain,  
Would beat, I ween, in altered mood, quite tranquilly again.

V.

Too plain the tell-tale hours have left their mark upon her brow,  
And Memory has no power to soothe its fevered throbbings now :  
And so, with many a sigh she steals away from pitying eyes,  
In solitude to hide her thoughts — perhaps to moralize.

VI.

Her's is the garden-rose's fate, which in the summer air,  
O'er-blessed by sunshine and by showers, expands and blossoms fair ;  
But borne to close and heated rooms, the frail exotic's clime,  
It droops and fades, and soon decays, and withers in its prime.

*New-York, May, 1846.*

## VAL D'AMOUR, SAN ANTONIO.

I've been a rambler all the world over,  
 Far through its valleys, both eastward and west;  
 But this of all vales is the pride of the rover,  
 So rich and so tranquil, so blooming and blest.  
 You may sing, if you will, of the Valley of Limes,  
 And the home of the Peri, that dwell far above;  
 But nought can be found, in those happy climes,  
 To rival the bliss in the Valley of Love;  
     Its olives and wine,  
     Its citrons and pine,  
     Its maidens divine —  
 Oh! the sweet little Valley of Love!

'There's not in the world, I 'am free to declare,'  
 In the gardens most charming of Venus or Jove,  
 A spot that the poet or painter would dare  
 Contrast in his heart with the Valley of Love!  
 How blest should I be could I ever remain,  
 'Mid the flowers of this valley, the shade of its grove,  
 With those I love best, free from sorrow and pain,  
 Enjoying all bliss in the Valley of Love!  
     Its olives and wine,  
     Its citrons and pine,  
     Its maidens divine —  
 Oh! the sweet little Valley of Love!

## A WAY OF DOING THINGS.

THERE is a way of doing things; some people call it TACT—that often draws forth successful or unexpected results, out of slight, and even unpropitious circumstances. I have just finished answering a letter from a distressed Widow asking for assistance. She speaks of desperation; and of fear for her reason; and of former kindness; intimate acquaintance, and past liberality.

As my bank account is at its lowest ebb, I think I could at this time have resisted all her pleadings; and all her reminiscences, although these might, if she had pleased, have been extended back through a varied lapse of forty-two years. But it does not suit my Widow, who still considers herself a young person, to advert to this extreme length of our acquaintance. She makes no allusion whatever to its duration and forgets apparently that she has often dilated upon all these other things before as matters of recent occurrence, and has had the full worth of them over and over again during our past correspondence—but now, her billet is most neatly enveloped; sealed with her arms in lozenge upon a delicate sufficiency of nice wax; is dictated in good taste and style, and in unexceptionable grammar; and is beautifully written upon superfine note paper of the right size perfumed for the nonce. After all, says my heart,

she is a *LADY*; how is it possible for her to stitch for a livelihood? or to receive pupils without a nice apartment? What can we do, but listen and relieve?—This is the Widow's way! and this is the way, alas! of man's heart!

Lord Clarendon, having had a disagreement with the Duchess of Portsmouth, the favorite mistress of his Royal master, suffered himself, under great excitement, to go so far as to say: 'Madam, if you live, you will grow old!' Could anything have been more true? more certain to be verified? and yet, to a woman whose sway depended on her youth and beauty, could anything in words have been more galling, bitter, vindictive, and revengeful? This was Lord Clarendon's way!

Sheridan, in the finest comedy of our language, makes—Lady Sneerwell I think—say to Lady Teazle: 'I hope your husband may live a hundred years!'—'Did you ever hear such a spiteful creature?' retorts Lady Teazle, touched to the quick, and thrown quite off her guard. 'Not for that wish, I hope my dear,' exclaims her honest good-hearted Sir Peter. This is Sheridan's way.

There is a Lady in this unconscious city—unconscious I mean as to the full value of the treasure that it possesses in her; as the mountain is I suppose unconscious of the precious ore that it carries in its heart—whose very 'Good morrow!' is an endowment for the day. Joy waits upon her! Pleasure gurgles in her face, and Intelligence beams from it! and the day grows brighter, the morning fresher, and the air becomes a more blessed gift and aliment of life after she has once said, and looked, 'Good morning to you!'

Some charm unknown until then is felt to have been imparted from her, that yet she can never lose! and much is then felt to have been positively gained, in these few words, not making her less rich, but given freely never hereafter to be lost! They come from her coral lips, and from her precious heart, and cultivated spirit, enveloped as it were in the magick of her voice; in her lightest, finest, most luxuriant hair; in her deep blue eyes; in the living damask of her cheek; in her unstudied grace, and native refinement of the soul.

Each has its own peculiar part, and yet all speak in the one cheery intonation of the voice, and all with one same expression. It is the one expression of the whole of that mysterious and spiritual creation, that exists and is involved in the word, *WOMAN*! and it is beautiful—as Hope, in some early Vision of the young and pure Imagination!

'WHEN she spake,  
Sweet words, like dropping honey, she did shed;  
And 'twixt the pearls and rubies, softly brake  
A silver sound, that Heavenly musick seem'd to make.'

In truth one may say of this *LADY*, as our great master writes it, 'She hath a way, Ann Hathaway!'

There is another Lady in my thoughts—whether she belong to this city or no, I say not—whose style of receiving attentions in small conversational parties is supremely her own; and is so highly characteristic, as to contrast remarkably with that of Ann Hathaway.

She has been more cried up as a belle, than truly distinguished as a beauty; and though not deficient certainly in personal attractions, her face, to the uninterested observer, is rather that of a Doll to be looked at, than that of a Woman to be profoundly loved. She plants her eyes (which are really fine) upon some Gentleman, who, upon every principle on which society is framed, is entitled if not to a cordial, at least to a polite regard. Her look does not fully express a *salut de demi-connaissance*, though she has met him frequently before, but still it is a step toward it, and it is enough, combined with other reasons, to make him feel, that, although there is an air of pre-occupation in it, to omit paying his compliments altogether might be noticed as an inattention; and incapable of this, he approaches and accosts her.

She rises from her seat, gently, gracefully, beautifully; gratifies him with no one word nor any other act of notice in answer to his suffrage; suffers no passing sensation however slight to move over one fair feature of her countenance; makes a semi-circular swing for the due adjustment of her pretty drapery behind; performs the same movement in a counter semi-revolution; first to the right, then to the left; appears to be fully ascertained that all things whatever are altogether *comme il faut* about and within her train; and then, gently, gracefully, beautifully, studiously, subsides into her former posture on the *fauteuil* — impassive, imperturbable, impenetrable, unspeakable, as one of the Chinese Watchmen, made and modelled and baked in the far interior of the Celestial Empire, to stand and do nothing upon the upmost gallery of a pagoda, fancied and carved in alabaster and decorated with little gilt bells that hang, never to ring, at the corners of every story of the fabrick.

I remember a little watchman upon the upper gallery of such an alabaster pagoda that stood in the library when I was an unprofitable urchin, who wore the same unsympathizing, unchangeable, relentless, unimpressible face. The watchmen upon the lower stories, I must do them all the justice to add, were far more lively and placable in their countenances and demeanour than the little fellow in the range above. They were an hilarious, companionable, life-loving set, although quite as decorous and orderly. But I suppose that either he, or his maker, thought it becoming, as he might perhaps stand for a short time upon an upper Gallery of the little Pagoda, that he should wear such an air without knowing why, a dignity with an unsearchable cause. And possibly some such thought may have visited the human apprehension in the instance before me; and — to speak solemnly — may have played the Devil with what was intended to do good and give pleasure! At any rate, such is this Lady's Way.

There is certainly nothing more perfectly facile to any one individual of that sex upon whom our happiness depends, than to mark around her the exact line of proximity, or of distance, within which no one of ours may venture to intrude; and which every Gentleman is, above all earthly things, bound to respect and reverence.

It is given to every LADY to stand within a charmed circle of her



own: tracing it, at her proper pleasure, with a beam of starry light; or with a bit of coarse, conjuring chalk. And knowing this — and every LADY knows it, and that it can be done in the passage of a thought by one magnetick movement of her Will under her prescriptive rights — I submit with all humility, that a power, which no one can contend against, should be exercised with discretion; and, in a small conversational party, with some degree even of generosity; and I hope to excite no displeasure, by repeating in this connexion, the title of my Essay: There is 'A Way of doing Things.'

JOHN WATERS.

## THE HUSBAND'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN IN ABSENCE.

OH, FATHER! Thou in whom I live,  
And trust for life immortal,  
When Time my farewell shall receive  
At Death's dark portal;  
Source of all blessing, unto Thee  
I bring my fond petition;  
Yet to Thy will my spirit be  
In low submission.

Thou, in thy goodness, hast filled up  
Life's chalice all with sweetness,  
And one bright treasure to my cup  
Imparts completeness:  
That treasure is the peerless love  
Of her who ever shareth  
Each pleasure that my heart may move,  
Each pain it beareth.

For her, oh FATHER! I will pray,  
Thy Son's great merit pleading,  
Who sitteth on Thy throne alway,  
There interceding:  
Guard Thou my darling, by Thy power,  
Thine own strong arm, surround her;  
Bid Thy kind angels every hour  
Keep watch around her.

Afar from her I sadly roam,  
Among the strange, a stranger;  
And sometimes with sweet thoughts of  
Come fears of danger! [home  
Then, when my heart has sunk, and Fear  
Laid her dark hand upon me,  
From sorrow, and almost despair,  
Thy love has won me.

Tallahassee, February, 1845.

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I know I cannot shield her form  
From sickness or from sorrow;  
I know that o'er her some dread storm  
May break to-morrow:  
And I may feel no pang the while,  
May smile while she doth languish;  
Some trifle may my heart beguile,  
Amid her anguish!

Oh, FATHER! let me ever feel  
In Thee a sweet reliance,  
And to each boding thought of ill  
I'll bid defiance:  
Bless Thou my treasure! with Thy care  
Vouchsafe her Thy protection:  
And I will never more despair,  
Or feel dejection.

Oh! bless her at the morning's dawn,  
And at the day's declining;  
And when the silent hours steal on,  
Night's shadows twining:  
Bless her, oh FATHER! when she kneels  
Beside the dear home-altar,  
And bless her when her spirit feels  
Its courage falter.

Bless her when on her youthful cheek  
The red rose-tints are blooming;  
And bless her when her frame is weak,  
Her bright eye glooming;  
In every duty of her life,  
In every kindly mission,  
Oh! make her lot with blessing rife —  
A sweet fruition!

B.

## DEATH ON THE BATTLE-FIELD.

AFTER THE ANTIQUE.

I would not lie on bed of down,  
 Like puling girl, to die;  
 I would not in the festal hall,  
 Midst mirth and revelry.

I would not die an aged man,  
 With strength and reason gone;  
 Nor like a self-devoted monk,  
 In convent cell alone.

I long upon the battle-field  
 In foremost rank to fall,  
 Midst charge of horse and clang of arms,  
 My banner for my pall!

Or give me on the bloody deck  
 Triumphant to die,  
 When falling spars and crashing wreck  
 Proclaim our victory!

## FAULT-FINDING A NATURAL RIGHT.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

How often we hear persons say, 'I hate a croaker!' The remark always struck me as unjust, and as coming under the Scripture text, 'First pluck the beam out of thine own eye.' In fact, we are all fault-finders; and I am surprised that this right of finding fault has never been classed under the head of the 'absolute rights' of individuals. Paley would rise ten per cent. higher in my estimation, if he had not neglected so important and valuable a right. I am perfectly aware that many learned and worthy persons think that fault-finding is not a right. Such persons found their belief upon the principle that 'nothing can be considered a right which is not capable of being violated.' I admit the remark in its fullest extent, and would reply, that every person who opposes and reproaches another for exercising the glorious privilege of fault-finding, violates in the highest sense *a right*. The exercise of the right is as much a natural possession as the everlasting law of self-defence.

The right to find fault has existed since the creation of the world until the present moment, and has developed itself in proportion to

the objects, real or imaginary, which spring up in the path of life. Though Adam and Eve, the first persons in the world, were supposed to have been made perfect, the sublime Milton, (and he of course is authority,) vividly portrays the exercise, by our first parents, of this clear and indisputable right. In mentioning my ancestors, I am guided by the profoundest respect and veneration; and, for the sake of my theory, am proud that one of the first symptoms of humanity which they exhibited was this exercise of finding fault with each other.

In tracing the progress of the world, and reflecting upon the various classes and callings into which the human family is divided, we shall find that no one is exempt from this natural propensity. When Alexander sat down and wept because he had no more worlds to conquer, he only did in a kingly way what every man woman and child does daily; yes, I had almost said, hourly. In our childhood we have been taught to look upon this act of Alexander as a wretched picture. The remark has been held up to us as indicating a valuable lesson, the curse of ambition. For my part, when I escaped from nursery tyranny and became my own thinker, I looked upon the whole thing in a different light. I regarded the act of Alexander as a grand illustration of the great truth, that fault-finding is a gift from heaven, a clear and natural right. The remark which the warrior made showed the triumph of this inherent principle in the human heart. The whole world offered no field for farther conquest, and amidst his tears he found fault because he could find nothing else.

We find fault with our bosom friend, with the world at large; and, as if to show how deeply the passion is rooted in the heart of man, we find fault with a bountiful and benignant Providence. Indeed, the privilege is as free and habitual to man as the air we breathe; and I am inclined to the opinion that it is as salutary and as essential to human life. It is so soothing to our self-love to find fault with a person, especially if he be our superior, that to cut off this enjoyment would dry up one of the most prolific fountains of human happiness. The beggar finds fault with your viands, which have gratuitously feasted him, and with your cast-off coat, which covers his nakedness. I have a short story at hand, which will illustrate my views. The beauty of the story consists in its truth and in its power of illustration.

A few days ago I was at the hospitable mansion of a dear friend, with whom I dined. Being on intimate terms with the household, after dinner I passed into the kitchen, where I saw a couple of wretches feeding freely upon a good roast turkey, accompanied by vegetables and the usual condiments. The beggars were too busy with their feast to observe me; but their appearance being somewhat singular, I scrutinized them closely. One of them raised his eyes to the other and said: 'The old Hunks ought to send out his plum-pudding and wine.' 'The stingy rascal is too tight for that!' replied the other. I could scarcely credit my senses. Such language applied to my generous friend, and by creatures too who

were regaling themselves upon his bounty—the bounty of one whose character for benevolence was widely known—kindled my indignation to such a pitch that I was tempted to seize the miserable rascals by the throat, and take summary vengeance upon their shrivelled carcasses. Restraining, however, my indignation, I stepped back into the parlor and informed my friend of all that had happened. My amazement was greater than before, when he simply observed, without changing an expression of his good-natured countenance, ‘Poor fellows! let them be happy once in their lives; they meant no harm!’ I was at a loss to understand my friend’s remark. He perceived my surprise, and without any ceremony seated himself in a comfortable position, and thus addressed me:

‘I perceive, my dear friend, that you do not understand the conduct of the beggars, and my reply to your relation of what you saw and heard. If you will take the trouble to reflect upon the different passions which compose the human heart, you will find that fault-finding is one of the strongest and most ungovernable. No rank in life, however polished by the refinement of education and the influence of religion, is free from its sway. A beggar, in this respect, is on a level with the proudest monarch, whose life is one long gala-day of fault-finding. To select examples from all the callings of life to illustrate my position, would be useless, and would weary your patience. I will, however, give you one illustration from a class of men which is supposed by many, perhaps most persons, to be the most independent and the most free from vexation and complaint. I refer to husbandmen. In selecting an example from this useful and all-important branch of mankind, I am guided by the highest respect for those who compose the class. As this class is supposed to be the most independent, the most powerful illustration can be drawn from it.

‘Though the farmer is eulogized and envied, he is the greatest grumbler upon the face of the globe. With him it is always ‘too hot’ or ‘too cold,’ ‘too wet’ or ‘too dry.’ If he have plentiful crops he finds fault because prices are proportionably reduced; and if his crops fall short, and prices become in consequence enormous, he curses the soil for yielding so little, while he can command so much for his produce. He would reduce the winds and rains of heaven to his own sway; and, when they seem to come at his bidding, he finds fault with himself for his ignorance in wishing for that and for this, when he had not the wisdom to know what he really needed. If this passion be so strong in those persons whose life seems all sunshine, how powerfully must it operate with those whose lot in life is full of doubts and perplexities? The beggar finds fault with his pallet of straw, and the millionaire with his couch of down. The lawyer finds fault with the intricacies of his profession, while he is reaping his thousands from its pursuit; and the client curses the lawyer, who is saving him from trouble.

‘Shakspeare was a believer in my theory. When he said, ‘The course of true love never did run smooth,’ he expressed my views

in a different and better manner. If lovers do not find fault with each other, it is proof positive that they are not well-matched. The experience of the whole world of Cupid abundantly testifies to the truth of this position. A person who does not find fault is an anomaly, and naturalists would be obliged to rank such an one under an altogether new head in the scale of being.

‘The practice of fault-finding is not confined to real objects, but it is powerfully active in imaginary cases. One of the strongest proofs of this which occurs to my recollection at this moment, is to be found in the play of ‘The Hunchback,’ by Sheridan Knowles. Let no one say that it is a play, and therefore the example is not from real life. The play itself, so deservedly popular, from its intrinsic merit, is a picture of real life; and the scene to which I allude is very common in fashionable life. I refer to the conduct of Julia. You of course recollect the play, and the inimitable personation of that character by Mrs. Kean, late Ellen Tree. Fathom, in his truly quaint and facetious way, relates the conduct of Julia toward the seamstress. After exhausting all real objects of complaint which might furnish food for her love of fault-finding, she finds fault with things which have no existence, except in her own visionary and giddy brain. I regard the relation of Fathom as one of the most powerful arguments in support of my theory. Julia represents a class. Her language is the daily tone of very many; a tone which rings harshly in the ears of that creative, all-important band, called seamstresses. The beggars who found fault with me and mine are no more at *fault* than any one who ever drew the breath of life. They were guided by a passion, deeply rooted in their hearts; a passion which poverty and misfortune perhaps have hardened, and which no kindness can ennoble. I hope you will see that anger against fault-finders is useless and uncharitable.’

I listened to my friend’s remarks with the greatest interest. He had seen the world, not only through the medium of books, but he had studied it practically. He had travelled much, and mingled freely with all classes of men. After expressing to him my gratitude for his views, so freely given, I took my leave, a wiser man than when I crossed his threshold. I have thought again and again upon the subject, and have come to the settled conviction that fault-finding is a natural and a prescriptive right.

I am firmly persuaded that the reviews, which now form so prominent a part of the literature of the day, took their rise from, and are sustained by, this inordinate and insatiable love of fault-finding. To be sure, they sometimes praise; but praise is the exception, which confirms the rule. If they never found fault they would soon find their level among the things that were.

It may be asked, ‘Is there no remedy for this passion?’ The only remedy is early culture and bright example. It may be doubted with perfect propriety and great wisdom whether it would be well for the world if there were no such thing as fault-finding. If the passion were torn away from the human heart, we might look in vain for a substitute to soothe our wounded vanity, our unsuccessful

ambition, and our humbled pride. A right which is natural, and so indispensably necessary to our happiness, should not be looked upon as a blemish in a person's character. It should be regarded as incident to humanity, and treated with respect and consideration. If I thought no one would find fault with my views, thus freely advanced, I should at once betray my conviction of the unsoundness of my theory. The CREATOR implanted fault-finding in the heart of man for a wise and beneficent purpose. Let every one exercise this natural right in a graceful and dignified manner, and life will wear a brighter hue.

F. B. G.

## F A R E W E L L   T O   A V O N .

BY W. H. C. HOSMER.

DEAR AVON, my home, looking down on a vale,  
 By its river of sweet waters beautiful made;  
 Sad music is wandering by on the gale,  
 And dim lie the scenes of my childhood in shade:  
 Above is the roof that protected my head  
 From the tempest without, when an innocent child;  
 Beneath me, old floors that rang out with my tread,  
 When beat my young pulses in ecstasy wild.  
 Around me are objects that greeted my sight  
 When Hope gave the future a chaplet of light;  
 And visions of long ago wake from their rest  
 At the summons of grief, in my over-full breast.

The desolate moment of parting is near,  
 And care on my forehead sits mantled in gloom;  
 I feel like some maid bending over the bier  
 Whereon lies her chosen-one, dressed for the tomb;  
 Exchanged for a draught from dear Memory's cup,  
 Away will be pushed the bright goblet of mirth,  
 When nightly assemble, the past to call up,  
 The love-throng of home round the wood-lighted hearth.  
 I shall miss, when the gale of adversity blows,  
 That being who guarded my cradle repose;  
 When Ocean is baring his breast to the storm,  
 'In visions her kiss on my cheek will be warm.'

On the morrow I part with my reverend sire,  
 And vacant my place in his hall will be soon;  
 Full early the spirit of song on my lyre  
 Will sleep, for the chords have been long out of tune.  
 The rich airy dreams of poetical days  
 Like vapor of morning have faded away;  
 On thy loveliness, Avon, the stranger will gaze,  
 When moulders thy bard in his grave far away:  
 It is meet, it is meet that my last lay be sung  
 In the sanctified place where my harp was first strung;  
 Home! where companions and relatives dwell,  
 (What ails my hot brow?)—fare-thee-well! fare-thee-well!



## THE KLEPHTIC WARRIOR.

NIGHT broods o'er the mountains grimly,  
Falls among the rocks the snow ;  
But through wilds and darkness dimly,  
Sword in hand, the Klepht must go.

Heaven alone the warrior shielding,  
Mountains bleak his palace are ;  
On he goes, his war-axe wielding,  
And his gun drives back despair.

Groans the earth with murmur hollow ;  
Hark ! the muskets roar around !  
Terror, flight and slaughter follow :  
Lo ! the Klepht has bit the ground.

Comrades bear him forth then, grieving,  
Singing o'er him, as he lies :  
'Free the Klepht lives, and life leaving,  
As he lives, so free he dies.'

F. E. H.

## NED BUNTLINE'S LIFE-YARN.

## NUMBER THREE.

'ONCE more upon the waters! — yet once more!'

AGAIN was the Mary C ——— refitted and reladen for an outward-bound trip. The pilot was on board ; the owner's last orders were given ; some of the hands were aloft, ready to loose away ; others on deck prepared to sheet-home and run up the sails. The skipper's trumpet was raised to his lips : 'All ready ?'

'Ay, ay, Sir !' responded the crew, from aloft and below.

'Let fall ! sheet home ! hoist away of all ! Cast off the wharf-fasts — starboard your helm ! Lay down from aloft and clear up the decks !'

Then down the glassy river swiftly and smoothly sped the outward-bound before the strong breath of a nor'-wester. Reedy-Island, Red-Bank, Chester, Wilmington and Newcastle, seemed to be moving rapidly up stream, faster even than the black clouds fled athwart the sky ; and Time had notched but a few hours on his log-chip, before the schooner rolled like a thing delighted, in her ocean cradle, like a bird nested on a branch, swinging idly in the breeze. As soon as she was clear of the Capes, her course was laid to the south'ard and eastward for the Cape de Verds, in order to strike the 'trades.' With a flowing sheet and bending spars the schooner bounded over

the rough Atlantic, as if she knew that from the sleet and snow and icy gales of her northern home she was speeding to a land of ever-greens and flowers, of bright sunshine and refreshing zephyrs.

But while she sails over her foam-path, let me introduce the reader to our passengers. It is a bright afternoon, and some of them are on deck. Observe that fat, red-faced, blue-eyed man, with a snub-nose, leaning against the companion-hatch, looking as if he wanted to bite. That is Mr. William Marley, an Englishman, travelling to see 'sum'at of the world.' He has made the 'tower of the States,' been to Niagara, etc., but has left America completely disgusted with the 'hawk'ard manners of the natives,' and their hateful 'equality.' His wife and nine children, from one year in age upward, are down below, sea-sick. 'There let them lay!' as Byron says. Mr. Marley is now bound to South America, to see after some stock which he holds in a gold mine; for he is rich, very; having acquired a fortune in soap-making. He is very aristocratic, has a coat of arms, and damns all *parvenus*.

Now, reader, cast your eye back to the taffrail, upon that young man who stands with his arm upon the quarter-davit, looking toward the western horizon as if he had left something behind that his heart fondly clings to. Mark his appearance; his high pale brow, wreathed above by dark brown waving hair. His cheek too is pale and very thin; and that eye, its color like the ocean he gazes upon, is full of sad expressiveness. He seems to have marked upon his visage

\* THE furrows of long thought, and dried-up tears,  
Which ebbing leave a sterile track behind,  
O'er which all heavily the journeying years  
Plod the last sands of life, where not a flower appears.\*

We feel interested in him. His eye is still toward the land, and his bosom heaves so frequent sighs, that our sympathy is deeply enlisted in his behalf. Yet we cannot tell you who he is, nor whence he came. He has avoided conversation, and turned from every one who has sought to know him. He came on board just before the schooner sailed, asked the price of passage, paid it without a word; and that is all we know of him. He is '*The Stranger*.' One would suppose him to be twenty-four or twenty-five years of age; but looks are deceitful. Trouble writes heavier age-marks than Time.

But there is a new arrival on deck; see, they come up from the cabin, a father and his daughter. The first, a fine-looking gentleman, past life's noon and pretty well into its autumn; the latter, a girl of eighteen or twenty summer's bloom, and — 'a beauty!' Not one of your bold dashing beauties, super-abounding in physical and lacking in soulful life; but a soft, pensive, dreamy creature, with form light and graceful; eyes large, full, languid, and features of the oriental cast. Reader, know Mr. AMADINNA of Florida, and his daughter JANE. Mr. AMADINNA is a native of America, but a descendant from the adventurous nation who first unfurled the flag of discovery upon the coast of the 'Flower-land.' He is bound to Rio, to receive some property bequeathed to him by a dying relative. His daughter Jane has accompanied the old gentleman, to take care

of him ; and a sweet, tender nurse she is. Oh ! if there be one beautiful sight in human nature, it is this ; a daughter encountering peril and hardship to soften parental age and infirmity, repaying the care which cherished and protected her in her budding tenderness !

Jane Amadinna was a strange girl. She had sisters and a brother, but they loved her not. Even her father was often stern and cold to her, but his heart smote him as he saw her gentleness, her love for him, her care for all his wants. She was a quiet, pensive creature ; enthusiastic *within herself* ; her disposition ardently affectionate, but sensitive, even to suspicion. Nature made her a poet, yet she did not know it ; she did not know herself. As she came upon deck, her eye rested inquiringly upon 'The Stranger.' He half turned around ; their eyes met, and were as quickly withdrawn. She walked aft, leaning on the arm of her father. The sun was just setting, from a cloudless sky. The fresh breeze had piled the sea up into rolling mountains of blue, capped with white ; and as these tossed up and down, the golden sun-light kissed them, tinging their crests with all the hues of the rainbow. Thus seemed the sea close at hand ; but in the distance, toward the horizon, it appeared to be a dancing field of golden flowers. The sky lay calm and quiet above, and the lingering sun threw pale pinken sheets athwart it, like dream-blushes on a sleeping beauty's face. And then the red sun placed its burning foot upon the waters ; then slowly sank lower down till, all immersed, it disappeared ; still sending back red blushes to the sky it late had brightened, as if loth to leave the flowery earth in darkness. Jane Amadinna, gazing upon it, leaned against the taffrail, till it had sunk beneath the leaping water-line, then burst into a flood of tears.

'What ails you, daughter ?' inquired the father, tenderly.

'Nothing material, father,' answered the weeping girl ; 'only sad thoughts stole into my heart — thoughts of death. I never see the sun set, that I do not think of the change from the light of life to the darkness of the grave. And when I see the sun set as now it did, in calmness and in beauty, it seems to me to prefigure the departure of the great and good. Yes, even as in all its resplendent glory it sank to-night, so died America's WASHINGTON. And when he goes down amid clouds and lightning, wreathed about by the flying storm, I think of death by battle ; I hear the victor's shout, the dying groan, and see the helpless perish.'

'Lady !' said a voice at her elbow. She started and turned around. It was the stranger.

'Lady, pardon me,' said he, 'but your theory has interested me. You have sometimes seen the sun set behind a still, black cloud-bank, going down slowly, palely, as if it were a mourner at its own funeral ?'

'I have seen such a sunset, Sir.'

'And what death is figured there, lady.'

'The death of *loneliness* — the death of the unloved of earth.'

'Such, lady, will be *my* death !'

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'And *mine*,' sighed she, half unconsciously.  
'Come, daughter, let us go down; 't is growing coolish up here,' interposed the father, and the conversation ended. Both sought their cabin, while the stranger remained upon the deck, his eyes still bending westward. The breeze was full, and the schooner held steadily on her course.

## CHAPTER SEVENTH.

FOR twenty days has the Mary C — held on her course, and it is again near the hour of sunset. Upon the taffrail leans the stranger; by his side, and *alone* with him, is Jane. A sea-voyage is a rare occasion for forming acquaintances, and they seem to have improved it. The sun is not setting as clearly as before; its light is gilding the upper edge of a low cloud-bank. Both regarded it in sad silence, until the sun had dropped behind the cloud; then the stranger spoke:

'This,' said he, 'is such a sunset as that of which I spoke, lady, when I first had the temerity to address you.'

'It is, Sir; and when you spoke of it, you made it prophetically figurative of your own death. Pardon me, Sir, if I am treading upon forbidden ground; but I have woman's curiosity, and would gladly know the cause of your melancholy; what it is that fills you with sadness and forbodings?'

'Lady, your words are kind, like the heart which prompted them; but there is little in my fate which can interest you; nothing which you can cure. Still my history is brief — far briefer than my days. Would to God the future could be so brief! Born in the lap of luxury, I knew no care until I had acquired my education and attained my majority, when I entered as a *man* upon the world's rough path. Four years ago, attracted by the peerless beauty and seeming virtues of SELINA, the belle of her native city, I wooed and won her as my bride. I fancied that the hour which witnessed and recorded our nuptial-bond was blessed, and that in her I had found one who loved me for myself alone. I loved *her*. Loved *her*? — *I adored* her! She smiled sweetly on me, and as I thought returned my fondness and affection. She was poor when we were married, but I had wealth, and proud was I to deck her peerless form in all that gold could purchase. Ah! how she shone among the wealthiest of her sex! At balls and parties none were more marked than she — none more admired. But a blight came upon my fortunes; my riches faded; misfortune left me penniless, and dependent on my own exertions. And then, O God! a blight too came upon my love! First she grew cold; then she began to chide; and then to *hate*! She could no longer be the belle she had been — no longer continue the admired of all. She was a poor man's wife. Then with many a bitter taunt she told me that my *wealth* and not *myself* had won her, an unloving bride, to my arms; and she bade me seek and give her gold, or leave her forever. She dared to name dishonor to me; and when I spurned the thought, she called me 'coward,' and bruised the cheek she so often had kissed, with blows; she *spat*

upon me, as though I had been a slave or a dog! And then she bade me 'seek for other mates — she was no mate for me!' I thanked my God that I was childless! And now, lady, you have heard all. I am a wreck upon life's rough ocean; met by the storm while yet I was young and fresh-hearted; but early thus a wreck; my last hope fled, and nothing left but to dash upon the heaving surge awhile, and then to sink beneath it.'

'Land ho!' shouted the look-out, forward. The moon had risen high, and by her clear light the land could plainly be seen on the lee-bow. All now was bustle, and the conversation between the lady and the stranger was interrupted. The captain came on deck with his night-glass, and after a moment's examination, pronounced the land in sight to be the mountain peaks of St. Antonio, one of the Cape de Verd Isles. The schooner was luffed up half a point, and then all was quiet again.

CHAPTER EIGHTE.

SUNRISE upon the ocean! First, dimly, grayly fades away the darkness; then light pinken tints skirt the eastern sky, and the twilight mist of early morn sinks into the waves. Light arises; then, just above the blue, cold-looking waters, a speck of red appears; first a little spot, and then a semi-circle, next a demi-globe, and at last a full red ball; but not yet a rayful, gleaming sun. It uprises clear from the horizon, but to its lower edge there clings a twin-sun.\* This last is brighter far than that above, which soon disappears, and then the day-god commences his 'journey through the sky.' From the schooner's deck the land was visible, and she was skirting close along the fertile shores of Brava. But now that we were in the arms of the friendly 'trades,' our course was shaped for Rio. How beautiful the shore looks, after one has been near a month at sea! The eye seems as if it *rested* upon the distant land; and as you recognise some peasant cot or lordly villa, imagination revels on the scene. She paints beauty, virtue and content within the lowly cot; she pictures beauty, sin, guilt, wild love, and misery in the palace. But we leave her to her portraitures.

The schooner swiftly speedeth on toward the equator, like some stately bird gliding in its far migrations. She sweeps on toward the ring of fire which girds our earth. Still the 'trades' blew fresh and fair; no gales arose; all was as could be wished. The vessel was fast approaching the 'line,' which once passed by the landsman, gives him Neptune's freedom of the seas.

It was near noon, one day; the captain had just raised his quadrant to his eye to measure the altitude of the sun, when close under the bows a gruff voice was heard, shouting:

'Schooner ahoy! What schooner is that? — who commands her? — where from, and where bound?'

\* This double reflection is often seen at sea as the sun is rising, and is strikingly beautiful.

The captain laid down the quadrant, and taking up the trumpet, answered :

'The good schooner Mary C —, Captain Fred. Skinner, from Philadelphia, bound to Rio de Janeiro. Won't your Majesty come aboard ?'

'Ay, ay, captain; we 're old acquaintances; heave-to a bit; I'll be on deck in a jiffy.'

The schooner's fore-top-sail was hove aback, and soon we heard a noise forward, as if Neptune was boarding over the bows, which by the way was the case. 'Brail up this square-sail,' shouted he, 'so that we can take a look about decks.'

The order was obeyed; and there stood old NEPTUNE, in a flaxen wig and beard, which looked very like unravelled Manilla rope. He bore a very striking resemblance to our old mate, Jerry Hill, but there is no accounting for likenesses. His queen, AMPHRITITE, stood beside him, looking big enough and saucy enough to whip him. Around him were a number of his *suite*, regular old sea-dogs in appearance. All of them had fins and tails, which looked very like dried cod-fish tails. As the square-sail was cleared up, the captain walked forward, and taking Neptune's proffered hand, said :

'Your Majesty is right welcome aboard the Mary C —. Here, steward, a mug of that '*black-bottled*' for His Majesty and the fair Queen !'

'Ah! captain, this *is* the right sort!' said his briny kingship, as he quaffed of 'the joyful;'; 'but let 's see your muster-roll. Have you any strangers aboard ?'

'Yes, we have a few of the uninitiated. There 's one aloft on that ratline, there,' pointing to NED, who knew what was coming, and had prepared for a fair start aloft, where he knew no one could catch him.

'Oh! ho!' answered old Nep., as he looked aloft to where the skipper pointed, 'oh! ho! my little chick! come down out o' that, or I'll send for you !'

'Well, send away, you ugly old swab!' cried Ned, as he mounted still higher.

In an instant half-a-dozen of Neptune's attendants were in the rigging; but before they had reached the cat-harpings, Ned was quietly seated on the main-truck, at the upper extremity of a small bending pole which would scarcely bear his weight, and they dared not follow him.

Neptune, seeing how affairs stood, hailed the youngster: 'You may come down, little one! My kingdom 's *free* for you hereafter. Lay down from aloft there, you clumsy lubbers, and attend to your duties on deck. Captain, where 's your passengers ?'

'There stands one,' said he, pointing to the stranger.

A pale, sickly-looking old tar stepped forward and whispered a word in Neptune's ear. His Majesty looked at the stranger, and walking up to him, reached out his rough hand, and while a grim smile stole over his countenance, he said :

'Shipmate, *you* are welcome to the freedom of our kingdom ;



you are a land-lubber, but a sailor's heart beats under your jacket ! We let you sail scot-free, because you tended poor Bill Hanson so kindly while he was sick.' Then turning to the captain, he inquired :

' Who comes next on your muster-roll ?'

The captain pointed to Jane Amadinna and her father, who had come forward, attracted by the crowd.

' Ah ! a petticoat ! and, by my queen ! a pretty one at that ! Miss, you are freely welcome here. Ladies pay no toll in our dominions ; and that good-looking old man alongside o' ye is free, too, to sail our waters. Age and virtue find welcome and protection in Neptune's kingdom. But are these *all*, captain ?'

' No, there is another squad skulking below.'

Neptune turned toward his *suite*. A look was sufficient, and four or five waddled off to the cabin, whence they soon reappeared, bearing the struggling Mr. Marley, who was followed by Mrs. Marley, (a two hundred-pounder, at least,) and all the little Marleys, each screaming in a key peculiarly its own. Mr. Marley, kicking most lustily, was borne forward, roaring : ' Hands off, ye bloody rascals ! I 'm a free Hinglishman, and if there 's law or jury in the land, I 'll——'

' I 'm the jury, judge, law and all, here, old fellow !' chimed in Neptune, interrupting the wrathly personage, ' and my judgment is, that you pay your footing before you sail any farther in my waters.'

' I 'll not pay a penny ! I 'll have the law of you ! I 'll——'

' Law ? tell *me* of law, you snub-nosed, ale-bibbing, lubberly son of a clod-hopper ? I 'll give you law ! Boys, that land-lubber needs a barber ; his clothes are dirty, and he looks thirsty ; attend to his wants, while ' Amphy.' and I take another drink with my old friend the skipper.'

In an instant Marley was seated upon the end of the windlass, and held fast by two of the suite ; another drew a bucket of water, a fourth inserted a tunnel between the victim's teeth, and down his throat went about a half-gallon of salt water. More would have been administered, but the poor man had closed the lower end of the tunnel with his teeth. As soon as it was withdrawn, and his mouth fairly opened to breathe, a paint-brush saturated with grease and tar was slapped into it and dashed over his face ; then the barber, with a rusty hoop, proceeded to his duty.

If Marley's face looked red before, it was fiery now. The barber had to take skin and all to remove *that* lather. Close behind Marley was a large tarpaulin reservoir, filled with water ; and the instant the barber announced that he was done, the unfortunate victim was capsized backward into it, where he lay bubbling and gurgling until he was well soaked, when one corner of the tarpaulin gave way, and out upon the deck he rolled, ' a sight to see !' Old Nep. and his ' Amphy.' now took a parting ' luck-glass,' then the square-sail was sheeted down again, and the old sea-king left as he came, over the bows. It seemed as if the old fellow did give us good-luck, for we kept a smacking breeze, and on the morning of the forty-third day out we again heard the joyful ' Land, ho !' from

aloft. Running in toward it, the skipper, who had cruised on this coast before as a privateer's-man in the patriot service, soon made out our whereabouts. We had fallen a little to leeward of our port, owing to a current setting eastward, but were in sight of Cape Frio, only sixty miles from Rio. It was late when we made the landfall, but by beating to windward along the land, we soon regained our lost ground, and before daylight were hove-to off the harbor. There, with your permission, reader, we will lie till our next chapter.

*Pittsburgh, Pa.*

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S P R I N G .

‘I TURNED from all she brought, to those she could not bring.’—BYRON.

I.

Spring hath come back to us, the gentle Spring,  
With its soft zephyrs and its sunny hours,  
And balmy dews, which from the chill earth bring  
Its emerald verdure and its bursting flowers ;  
While from the woodland, from the hill and grove,  
The glad bird carols its wild lay of love.

II.

Spring hath come back to us ; rousing each stream  
From the hushed stillness of its icy sleep ;  
Lo ! where the bright waves in the sunlight gleam,  
As on in murmuring melody they sweep :  
Oh ! many a bright and many a lovely thing  
Thou wakest with thy coming, glorious Spring !

III.

Spring hath come back ; yet doth it not recall  
Things dearer than the flowers that round us wave ;  
The loved, the vanished, those to whom the pall  
Was the last garment, the last home the grave :  
Thou givest to melody and beauty birth,  
Why keep ye our beloved, insatiate Earth ?

IV.

We 've waited for them ; we have watched and wept  
Through the lone stillness of the dreary night,  
When the fierce tempest o'er the hill hath swept,  
And when the morn arose with ruddy light ;  
Mid the bright noontide and the dewy eve,  
Till in fond dreams our souls forgot to grieve.

## V.

The spring hath come, with all its light and bloom,  
Yet come they not, those whom we loved and mourned !  
Like withered flowers they sank into the tomb ;  
The flowers are blooming — have not they returned ?  
Like in their youth, their beauty, and their death,  
Obey they not alike Spring's awakening breath ?

## VI.

With its fair buds in blushing beauty drest,  
Gladly we welcome back the queenly rose ;  
Yet heaveth not again that gentle breast  
O'er whose dread stillness did its last leaves close :  
Wo ! that the spring the wild rose should restore,  
Yet she, our stricken bride, return no more !

## VII.

When the meek snow-drop blossomed in the glen,  
Two gentle forms we trusted to the earth ;  
The fair pale flowrets greet our eyes again,  
But where are those who cheered our lonely hearth ?  
We wait in vain, for not by field or grove  
Meet we their sunny smiles, their looks of love.

## VIII.

The laurels waved upon a noble brow,  
And o'er an eye with the mind's beauty bright ;  
But the damp earth lies heavy on them now,  
Closed is that eye in death's long dreamless night ;  
Shall not the words of love, the voice of prayer,  
From those loved lips stir the soft summer air ?

## IX.

Come not the loved ? No ! they are with their God !  
There rest they in His own eternal smile ;  
Still must we bend beneath His chastening rod,  
Still must we wait, and watch, and weep the while ;  
O'er our torn souls anguish must have its sway —  
They were our idols, wisely called away.

## X.

But from afar there comes a glorious Spring,  
When earth shall yield all buried treasures up,  
From the dark grave shall our beloved bring,  
And full fruition take the place of hope.  
Then shall the brightness o'er the fair earth shed  
Wake no vain longings for the lost, the dead !

*Towanda, Pa.*

## L I T E R A R Y   N O T I C E S .

SERMONS, BY GEORGE W. BETHUNE, Minister of the Third Reformed Dutch Church, Philadelphia.  
In one volume. pp. 301. Philadelphia: MENTZ AND ROYOUT.

In a late number of the *KNICKERBOCKER* we mentioned the recent publication of this very beautiful volume, and promised to advert more particularly to its merits, when time and space should serve. The sermons are fourteen in number, and upon various themes; yet there is no one of them that is not marked by the eloquent characteristics of the writer's style; a style which, although greatly heightened by the effective fervent delivery for which Dr. BETHUNE is remarkable, enlists at once and retains the attention of the reader. We admire more than any other feature in these discourses their persuasive tenderness; the fresh, warm *feeling* which they evince. Denunciations and threatenings are in general far less operative upon congregations than earnest solicitude and affectionate entreaty, and of this Dr. BETHUNE's own heart seems to have made him aware. But without farther comment of our own, we proceed to select a few passages from the volume before us, commencing with an extract from the opening discourse on 'The Divine Nature':

'WHAT happiness so pure, so rich as the gushing forth of affection toward those we love? What action so full in its own repayment, as a successful compassion for the wretched, or the winning back of a desolate heart to hopes of peace? This was the refreshment of the SAVIOUR'S spirit in his sorrowful pilgrimage; for when he was weary and worn, he but stayed his steps to cause a lame man to leap as an hart, or the tongue of a dumb man to sing; to pour light upon a darkened eye, to bid a leper be clean, or to give back to some mourner her recent dead, and he was strong again as though he had drunk a cup of life. But what must be the joy of God in pouring forth from the infinite fountain of his heart streams of affection to every holy and happy child? or in sending consolation to bleeding and broken bosoms, which none but HE can bind up and heal?'

In the discourse entitled 'Good News for the Poor,' we find this passage, in illustration of the position that the gospel preached to the poor vindicates the providence of God toward men:

'THE existence of poverty and wretchedness is a sore stumbling-block to one who is inquiring after a God of love and goodness. Were we all miserable alike, the difficulty would be less, for we might then conjecture a common cause for the common ruin. But the varieties of human allotment and experience are very distressing to mind and heart; nay, but for the light of revelation, must seem capricious and cruel. We are born into the world with the same cravings and sensibilities, yet to one is given a strong and healthful frame, while another suffers from the cradle to the grave under bodily tortures, that make life a weariness and captivity. One is lapped in affluence and trained for a maturity of honor by the watchful eye and hand of intelligent love; another, stamped in the same image, is cast forth a child of shame and heir of infamy. One lolls in easy luxury, with many waiting at his beck to serve his artificial wants; another, perhaps every way his superior in mental and moral qualities, drudges, a burden-bearer, through the world, with scarce a pittance for food and shelter. One inherits a throne, another lives and dies a slave. Industry, virtue and a pursuit of knowledge may do something to relieve, and even to prevent these inequalities, but not enough. Riches are not always a proof of virtue, nor power the reward of honorable means, and the best talent is often a crippled pensioner upon wealthy and niggard ignorance. Wherefore, then, these

distinctions? Are we not all alike human, creatures of one God? We may be told that there is less difference of happiness among men than meets the eye; that every lot has its trials and every heart its bitterness; that luxury has its pains as well as penury its wants, and that, however prosperous vice may appear, virtue has in its own consciousness a far better reward; but such declarations are mockeries, except as they may be found written by God's own hand in the blood of the New Testament.

'Poverty is a bitter thing. There is no reasoning against hunger and cold and disease; against the shame of debt and the slavery of dependence. The brow may be calm and the eye patient before the world, but 'the iron is rusting into the soul,' and the heart is dark in the sunshine. The strongest mind quails before its shadow, and the best thoughts fall sickened and sad to earth, as the reality is forced home upon the bleeding sensibilities. What, then, must be the trial to those less strong by nature or education? Tell the famishing mother, as she clasps her famishing child to a bosom whose fountain is dried up, both shivering with a chill worse than death, that they who live in warm houses and fare sumptuously every day, have their troubles as well as she, and she would shriek out her answer, 'O for the crumbs that fall from their tables, the poorest garment in their wardrobes, to feed and to warm my dying babe!' Virtue its own reward? It is so in the christian's heaven, but it is not so on earth, except when the hope of heaven antedates its bliss.'

'The Spirit of the World and the Spirit of Christianity' embraces an admirable enforcement of the great fact that the spirit of the world is fear; that those whose gods—children, friends, riches or fame—are upon the earth, are seldom 'at ease in their possessions.'

'WORLDLY distinction, what is it but a fairer mark for envious calumny to shoot at? Popular applause, what is it but a bubble blown up by the foul breath of fools and knaves, and when at its greatest bigness, bursting into noisome air? Was ever demagogue borne aloft by the rank and sweaty palms of the mob, whose voices he begged with servile meanness, that did not despise himself?

'Or what is posthumous fame, to which genius, disgusted with a present generation, has often turned with fond idolatry? I stood once within the tomb of Virgil. Time, or the human despoiler, had stripped it of every decoration. The niche which had once held the urn which contained his ashes was empty. The rank weed and brier waved around it and over it. The vine-dresser near sang a song in another dialect, and an inscription, at whose barbarous Latinity the Mantuan would have shuddered, was all that guided the classic pilgrim to his doubtful grave, who, living, panted for an immortality of fame. What is fame now to him? Are the dead conscious of the bay or the laurel which crowns their statues? Can the loudest acclamations call them from their sleep to exult in their triumphs? Spirits of the mighty dead, do you hear us when we praise you? They answer not. If in heaven, they are absorbed by its glories; if in hell, their anguish has no relief. What is earth to them?'

In connection with this is the counter-position that the spirit of fear is *not* the spirit of christianity, but rather energy of purpose, indomitable will, and calm confidence. 'The annals of the world's heroism,' says the orator, 'are poor beside those of christianity. Our martyrology tells us not only of strong men, but of feeble women and youths, scarcely more than children, going to death with hymns of joy, singing till the flame choked their voices; of simple, obscure people, accounted as the offscouring of the earth, standing firm in faith against the might of empires, conquering as they died, and blessing their murderers. Our history speaks of those, who, with a more sublime resolution than that which marched armies across the pinnacled Alps, or turned a prow into unknown seas to find an unknown world, have left home and friends and civilized life, to carry the news of immortality among the most cruel savages in the most unfriendly climes.' The subjoined passage is from a discourse entitled 'The Good Shepherd,' delivered at the commencement of the year:

'THE young and the giddy may lose all thought of days to come in the hilarity of the moment, but there are few of graver years and responsibilities who can regard the unknown events before them without anxiety. What will the coming months bring forth? Amidst the changes and uncertainties of the world, will our temporal fortunes be secure, and a comfortable plenty crown our household? Shall we, notwithstanding our moral infirmities, and the frequent lapses of others from virtue, be preserved from the snares of temptation? Is there no heavy calamity approaching, though unseen, which, like a sudden thunder-storm, will darken over our heads, and desolate the scene around us? Will our good name be shielded from 'the strife of tongues,' evil, busy and venomous? May not death be about to drag us from opportunities of preparation before the judgment-seat? These are questions of awful meaning, not only with regard to ourselves, but to those around whose welfare our own is entwined.'

We are reminded by this passage of the ensuing lines of BRYANT, in '*An Evening*  
VOL. XXVII.

*Reverie*, a poem written for the KNICKERBOCKER, and in our judgment one of the most beautiful of the many beautiful effusions of our chief poet:

‘MAN fortels afar  
The courses of the stars; the very hour  
He knows, when they shall darken or grow bright;  
Yet doth the eclipse of sorrow and of death  
Come unforewarned. Who next of those I love  
Shall pass from life, or sadder yet, shall fall  
From virtue? Strife with foes, or bitterer strife  
With friends, or shame and general scorn of men —  
Which who can bear? — or the fierce rack of pain,  
Lie they within my path? Or shall the years  
Push me, with soft and inoffensive pace,  
Into the stilly twilight of my age?  
Or do the portals of another life  
Even now, while I am glorying in my strength,  
Inpend around me?’

We have often been impressed with the truth of a remark made by our author, and felicitously enforced, namely, that there is a close relation between the graceful and the useful: ‘The stream wanders widely in gentle, ever-varying curves, that it may more widely diffuse its genial influences, or offer its flowing bosom to the assistance of man. The abounding verdure is a refreshment to the eye which it charms, and light (beautiful, most beautiful light!) pours out itself to bless, to gladden, and to heal. The aroma of plants sweetens an atmosphere that else were noisome, while the vulture scents from afar the decay it is his mission to remove. There is not a vibration of the air to a voice of nature, but makes part of a profound harmony, arranged by infinite skill, if we use it aright, to cheer the heart, refine the mind, and uplift the soul in aspirations of praise.’ ‘The Dignity of Serving’ forms the subject of a discourse in which we find many passages which we pencilled as we read; but with the exception of one, the reader must seek them in the volume which contains them. That exception is the following. Its connection is the declaration of the writer, that if the present judgment of society were like that of the SUPREME, the aspect of the world would be utterly changed; that many before whom we now uncap as to our most respectable and distinguished citizens, would be hissed in the pilory of public contempt. An illustrative sketch is given, which has many a counterpart:

‘HERE is a man, to whom God has given a powerful mind. Every door of knowledge has been open to him from his most early years. His fellow-citizens have sought the aid of his talents, and made him rich. They have raised him to office, and made him great. His manners are courteous, and fashion flatters him. He adds to all this the graceful decency of a well-bred religion, and the church solicits his championship. But his heart is cold. He has no fellow-feeling for man as man. He grows in wealth, reputation and influence, only to congratulate himself upon his success. The God he worships, the world he serves, is his own self. On a Sunday morning he drives from church, and at the door of his broad mansion he is looked up to by a shivering outcast child, begging for a crumb from his table, scarcely daring to hope for a kind word from his lips. It is an orphan boy, who has no friend to tell him that there is a God or a path of virtue, and no shelter but among the vile. There may be within that squalid raggedness a mild, loving heart, a resolute courage, and a determined will, with a generous wish to upraise himself. But the man, who might, by the blessing of God, make him a useful, conscience-guided Christian, spurns him away without a farther thought. Years roll on, and that neglected little one grows up (how could it be otherwise?) a thief and a felon.

‘Now, tell me, which will stand fairest before God in that day, when he will reckon the omission to do good by those who had the knowledge and opportunity, as most aggravated iniquity? Which is most guilty of crime, the felon, or the selfish contemner of a young immortal soul? Far rather would I be that wretched child, with all the consequences of his untutored life, than the rich, powerful, world-honored man, to whom God will say: ‘I gave thee wealth, and talents, and influence, that thou mightest be the stay of the helpless, the light of the ignorant, and an example of goodness to the world; yet hast thou, wicked servant, wrapped it all about thy miserable self.’

But we must draw our notice of this excellent volume to a close. It abounds in eloquent and original thoughts, and is very rarely disfigured by mere truisms, so common in kindred collections. Something very like an incontrovertible fact however



is this position of our author: 'Afflictions are painful. When they cease to be painful, they cease to be afflictions.' Probability we think rather favors both of these conclusions; which remind us of a sentence in the imitation of Dr. JOHNSON in the 'Rejected Addresses': 'Permanent stage-doors we have none. That which is permanent cannot be removed. When once it is removed, it soon ceases to be permanent.' But there are few platitudes to be encountered in any thing from the pen of Dr BETHUNE; while his eloquence, his genuine feeling, his affectionate tenderness, will win all hearts. Again we commend his volume to a cordial public acceptance.

POEMS BY THOMAS HOOD. In one volume. pp. 229. 'Library of Choice Reading.' New-York: WILEY AND PUTNAM.

PERHAPS there is no periodical in this country which has kept so full a 'running account' with the muse of rare THOMAS HOOD as the KNICKERBOCKER. Always an enthusiastic admirer of his genius; his inimitable sense of the humorous and the burlesque; his matchless command of language; his deep feeling, and honest tenderness of heart; his love of right, scorn of wrong, and hatred of cant, at all times and in all stations; we have lost no opportunity to place his productions, 'by parcels,' before our readers; until we find it difficult, in looking through any collection of his writings, in prose or verse, to find any one piece upon which we have not before treasured for the gratification of our readers. Premising that the volume under notice contains several of the most felicitous productions of HOOD's facile pen, we content ourselves with the segregation of two or three passages from an ode addressed to a very 'godly critic' who had characterized some of his innocent playful verses as 'profaneness and ribaldry':

'WELL! — be the graceless lineaments confest!  
I do enjoy this bounteous beauteous earth;  
And dote upon a jest  
'Within the limits of becoming mirth';  
No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,  
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious;  
Nor study in my sanctum supercilious  
To frame a Sabbath Bill or forge a Bull.  
I pray for grace — repent each sinful act —  
Peruse, but underneath the rose, my Bible;  
And love my neighbor far too well, in fact,  
To call and twit him with a godly tract  
That's turned by application to a libel.  
My heart ferments not with the bigot's leaven,  
All creeds I view with toleration thorough,  
And have a horror of regarding heaven  
As any body's rotten borough.'

'I do not hash the Gospel in my books,  
And thus upon the public mind intrude it,  
As if I thought, like Otaheitan cooks,  
No food was fit to eat till I had chew'd it.  
On Bible stilt I do n't affect to stalk;  
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk:  
For man may pious texts repeat,  
And yet religion have no inward seat;  
'T is not so plain as the old Hill of Howth,  
A man has got his belly-full of meat  
Because he talks with victuals in his mouth!'

'Spontaneously to God should tend the soul,  
Like the magnetic needle to the pole;  
But what were that intrinsic virtue worth,  
Suppose some fellow, with more zeal than knowledge,  
Fresh from St. Andrew's College,  
Should nail the conscious needle to the north?

'I do confess that I abhor and shrink  
 From schemes, with a religious willy-nilly,  
 That frown upon St. Giles's sins, but blink  
 The peccadilloes of all Piccadilly;  
 My soul revolts at such a bare hypocrisy,  
 And will not, dare not, fancy in accord  
 The Lord of Hosts with an Exclusive Lord  
 Of this world's aristocracy.  
 It will not own a notion so unholy,  
 As thinking that the rich by easy trips  
 May go to heav'n, whereas the poor and lowly  
 Must work their passage, as they do in ships.'

'A man may cry, 'Church! Church!' at ev'ry word,  
 With no more piety than other people;  
 A daw 's not reckoned a religious bird  
 Because it keeps a-cawing from a steeple.  
 The Temple is a good, a holy place,  
 But quacking only gives it an ill-savor;  
 While saintly mountebanks the porch disgrace,  
 And bring religion's self into disfavor!'

'Church is 'a little heav'n below,  
 I have been there and still would go,'  
 Yet I am none of those who think it odd  
 A man can pray unbidden from the cassock  
 And, passing by the customary hassock,  
 Kneel down remote upon the simple sod,  
 And sue in 'forma pauperis' to God.'

It requires no recommendation of ours to insure a warm and cordial reception of this admirable volume. Those who can think and feel; who can enjoy innocent mirth and good-natured satire; or appreciate true pathos and chaste imagination, will need no incentive to secure its perusal.

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ELEMENTS OF MENTAL PHILOSOPHY: containing a Critical Exposition of the principal Phenomena and Powers of the Human Mind. By L. A. SAWYER, President of Central-College, Ohio. New-York: PAINE AND BURGESS.

No work has appeared since that of Dr. Brown, which seems to us to go so thoroughly into the investigation of the great principles of Mental Science, as the volume before us. The purpose of the book is not merely to give a digest of the results obtained by others, and to teach clearly and forcibly the well-established views of metaphysicians, but to give new and better solutions of the principal problems in Mental Science, and to make essential improvements in it. The book contains little common-place matter, but argues the most difficult and abstruse questions with clearness, and attains important speculative and practical results by short and sure processes. The style is concise and forcible, and often eloquent; the range of discussion is wide, and the tone manly and dignified. The author's theory of ideas is an entire departure from the views of the English and Scotch Metaphysicians, and is equally removed from the dreamy mysticism and artificial theories of the Germans. This part of the work necessarily requires close and careful attention, and cannot be read 'on the ruse;' but is intelligible, and opens to reflecting men wide fields of thought hitherto imperfectly unexplored.

His theory of the imagination is a beautiful exposition of that noble faculty, and contains profound and original views, which will be read with interest. The author's exposition of the Logic of ARISTOTLE, and of reasoning generally, will attract the attention of metaphysicians. Lord BACON condemned the logic of ARISTOTLE, and proposed a new organum, which has since been called the 'inductive logic.' Subsequent writers have

been greatly divided, some defending ARISTOTLE, and endeavoring to reconcile his logic with the principles of inductive reasoning, and others condemning him. Most authors have taught that all reasoning is of the syllogistic kind, and that all judgments are informed from major and minor premises, making the inductive reasoning of BACON of the same kind precisely as that of ARISTOTLE. This common error of modern times, and especially of English metaphysics, is committed by MILL in his elaborate work on logic. MILL perverts the syllogism entirely, in order to reduce it to such a form that all reasoning may be worked into it. Those who have patience to follow him through the long arguments by which he 'darkens counsel by words without knowledge,' in endless mazes bewildered and lost, will be refreshed with the profound and convincing exposition of the same subject in the work under notice. Another subject of equal importance in which MILL fails, in common with English and Scotch metaphysicians generally, is that of the theory of Cause and Effect. A large portion of his work is devoted to this subject, and the same vicious solution of the great question respecting it is given which furnished HUME and others with premises for a system of skepticism. Mr. SAWYER's work resolves this whole matter in a manner which takes away the premises, from which the modern systems of skepticism and idealism are inferred, and which must put these controversies at rest. No one can read his simple solution without being satisfied of its truth, and feeling that he has superseded the learned volumes of British disquisition on these subjects. We commend the work to the cultivators of sound mental science, and to the patrons of original American literature.

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HISTORY OF THE BASTILE. BY R. A. DAVENPORT. Complete in one volume. With a Ground Plan of the Bastile. Number One of CAREY AND HART's 'Library for the People.'

THIS is one of the most interesting books of the season. We judge of its probable influence upon the general reader by its power over a *professional* reader, so to speak, who must needs read 'every thing going;' and when we say, that having taken up the volume we could not lay it down until we arrived at the three hundred and forty-ninth page, the last in the book, we look to have the fact taken as *prima facie* evidence of the character of its contents. The author has linked with the history of the Bastile that of France, and has traced the rise and progress of those parties, factions and sects which furnished inmates to the prisons of state. He has consulted every document that was accessible, which could throw light upon any branch of his subject. The author does by no means assume too much in hoping that the volume will tend not only to keep up an abhorrence of arbitrary power, but also to inspire affection for governments which hold it to be a duty to promote the happiness of the people. It is enough to melt the hardest heart with pity, to read the accounts of the inhuman treatment to which the prisoners of the Bastile were subjected; shut out from the beautiful forms of nature, the treasures of intellect, and the delights of social converse, from all that can animate or console; racked by a thousand remembrances, conjectures, passions and fears; brooding in unbroken seclusion and silence over the past and the present, and vainly struggling to penetrate the darkness of the future; and even when his long series of woes is at last ended; when Death has rent asunder the fetters of the captive, and he is 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' an ingenuity of torment carries vengeance beyond the grave, and entails upon kindred a share of suffering. The work before us is the only one in the language which can be denominated a History of the Bastile.

## EDITOR'S TABLE.

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A DEFENCE OF FRENCH COOKERY, BY 'ONE WHO KNOWS.'—Perpend the annexed epistle to the EDITOR, tasteful reader, from an accomplished Philadelphia caterer, and judge between him and the adversaries whose 'positions' he attacks with marked enthusiasm and skilful weapons: 'As a pendant for that extremely epicurean account of a Roman dinner, by the 'Man without a Shadow,' ('May his shadow never be less!' for he must be a true *gourmet*, in the best sense of the word—French sense, of course,) and as a beacon-light to such sober old cits as may, after toiling a half-century to amass 'a plum' by retailing fish or tapes, feel desirous of astonishing neighbor JONES and friend SMITH with a magnificent entertainment, consisting of a quart of terrapin-soup, ordered from the nearest oyster-cellar; a hundred oysters, purchased under his own eye, and opened by 'one of God's ebony images;' a roast turkey, which took him two days to buy, because the confounded hucksters wanted a sixpence too much, and in the cooking of which he is almost ruined by the immense quantity of stale bread, parsley, sage and onions required for its stuffing; two kinds of watery vegetables; a composition of butter, rice and milk, dignified with the name of 'rice custard,' and a faint imitation of puff paste, filled with cranberries, or some other acid fruit; all of which are to be accompanied by a quart of dark-colored liquid, which he was obliged to take some years before for a bad debt from a second-rate grocer, said grocer facetiously styling it Port; a wine much talked of, but seldom seen in England—— I say, as a beacon-light to such as dine after this fashion, I send you a 'carte' of a breakfast and a dinner served up at one of our Philadelphia hotels, within a few weeks past. For the information of the uninitiated, I would inform them that both entertainments were served *à la Russe*, the only Russian custom, by-the-way, worthy of imitation, and the only style by which each guest is enabled to make comfortably the 'tour of the table,' and eat his proportion of each dish '*à son point*,' the indispensable duty of every sensible gourmet. Twenty minutes were allowed to intervene between 'the going down and coming up' of consecutive dishes, to enable the digestive organs to perform properly their regular duties. The wines, the choicest of their kind, were all properly cared for, and served at the proper time, without stint, and without precipitation; the amphitryon carefully observing that each guest's glass was neither full nor empty. And, in short, as 'CESAR and his fortunes' were embarked in this affair, you may be sure it was cooked as but *one* man in this country *can* cook, and served in such a style as 'any friend of CESAR's' might be proud of. But while I am prating, the dishes are getting cold. The

first entertainment was a 'Déjeuner à la Fourchette pour dix convets,' given by a Philadelphian to a very celebrated 'gastronome' of your city, than whom perhaps no one in this country is better capable of appreciating the efforts of an *artiste*; and the following is the 'carte,' the name of the wine that accompanied each dish being added:

'SALT oysters on the shell.  
Chablis!  
A rock-fish à la broche, à la champénoisc.  
Dorf Johannisberg, 1834.  
Poached eggs, à la purée de celeri.  
Liebfrauenmilch, 1828.  
Pigeons en poire, aux petits pois.  
Liebfrauenmilch, 1828.  
Petits patés de quenelles de faisans, à la Financière.  
Steinwein, 1834.  
A roast capon, stuffed with truffles!  
Champagne frappé.  
Mayonnaise de Volaille, à la Bellevue.  
A 'Coup du milieu' of rum, sixty-five years old.

'After which, a couple of magnum bottles of DELMONICO's celebrated Burgundy, obtained expressly for the occasion. Then, 'Café à la Grecque, and Toste d'Anchois;' and as 'Chasse Café,' or 'Coup d'après,' a bottle of some extraordinary 'Essence de Moka de Martinique,' a liqueur without an equal. Before parting, digestion had so well waited on appetite, that it was necessary to furnish the guests with a cup of 'Chocolat à la crème' to prevent their leaving the table hungry!

'The second affair was got up by a party of the 'Upper Ten Thousand,' who have always objected to dining at a hotel, but departed from their rule in this instance for the purpose of testing the abilities of the parties concerned in the above-mentioned repast. Their order was a 'carte blanche,' and the way they 'footed the bill' fully expressed their satisfaction with an affair which the world is challenged to surpass! It would be time lost to expatiate upon the merits of this 'carte;' for the experienced gourmet a single glance will be sufficient; to the inexperienced and ignorant, volumes would not induce them to think that a dinner could be 'any great things,' which appeared to them composed of but chicken soup, calf's head, lamb chops, sweet-breads, chickens' livers cooped up in paper, snipe, cooked in some 'd—d French way,' a roast chicken stuffed with black potatoes! a lobster salad, with a few common-place vegetables, and a lot of 'French sugared kickshaws.' The salmon might perhaps arrest their attention for a moment, but when they marked the sauce they would pass even that with a 'Pish! some infernal French mussing!' and would possibly come to the conclusion that 'Orange ice cream might be good, but for their parts they would much prefer lemon or vanilla.' With such men, French cooking and Italian operas are placed on a par; 'neither worth a d—n, that they are aware of.' Some such genius in the city of Baltimore, who prides himself on his talent for making and describing the 'modus operandi' of a sherry-cobbler, in a long article descriptive of the good things the mob-townners get at Guv's, (by-the-way, let me add that Guv's dinners are far better than the author's description of them,) attacks French cooking in a most savage manner, and emphasizes the following bright assertion: 'You can make a French dinner out of any thing; Heaven itself has been good enough to provide the things we eat in Baltimore.' And again: 'The superior excellence of French cooking arises from the wretchedness of French food!' If the individual who penned the above extraordinary remark were an ignoramus, or a writer of no note, his very insignificance would prevent his being called to account; but such is not the case; and we must therefore infer that he is seeking 'to build up

his house by knocking his neighbor's down,' and consequently has knowingly distorted the facts. Such being the case, it would be folly to attempt a scientific refutation of such baseless assertions. Beside:

'Le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle.'

I will however give him, and the croakers against the French style of cooking, one single shot, in the shape of a receipt for '*Un Rôti sans pareil*,' which is taken from the celebrated '*Almanach des Gourmands*,' written by the greatest epicure of any age, GRIMOD DE LA REYNIERE. Hear him:

'STUFF a fine large *olive* with *capers* and *flets d'anchois*, and —  
 'Place it inside a delicate *Bec-Figue*, (a small bird,) from which you cut the head and feet, and —  
 'Enclose it in the body of a fine plump *ortolan*, which you truss neatly, and —  
 'Insert in the body of a fat *mauviette*, (a lark,) from which you cut not only the head and feet, but also dissect the principal bones; then cover it with a thin slice of lard, and —  
 'Put it into the body of a *grive*, (thrush,) which you must also dissect and prepare in the same manner, and —  
 'Stuff inside a fat and juicy *caille*, (quail,) a wild one in preference to a tame one;  
 'Then enclose your *caille*, which you should cover with a vine-leaf, as a coat-of-arms to show its nobility, in the body of a *vanneau*, (lapwing,) which is boned and trussed to enable it to be  
 'Inserted into the body of a *pluvier doré*, (golden plover,) which in its turn is covered with lard, and —  
 'Enclosed in a young *woodcock*, as tender and as plump as *Mademoiselle VOLNAIS*, (a celebrated actress of those days,) and quite as well kept. Having first rolled it in grated bread crumbs, you then  
 'Place it in the body of a *teal*, which is neatly trussed and prepared, and then  
 'Put into a *guinea-hen*, which you secrete in the body of a young  
 'Wild-duck. Enclose your duck inside a *chicken*, which should be as white as *Madame BELMONT*, as plump as *Mademoiselle de VIENNE*, and as fat as *Mademoiselle CONTAT*, but not quite so large. (These ladies are celebrated actresses and danseuses.)  
 'Your chicken with its many amiable qualities should then be concealed inside of a young *pheasant*, chosen with care, and preserved until it has obtained the requisite degree of *haut gout*, without which it is not fit to be placed before a 'gourmand;' you then  
 'Place it in the body of a young tender and fat *goose*, wild of course, which is hidden from vulgar gaze by being placed in the body of a very fine *hen turkey*, which should be as white and as plump as *Mlle. ARSENE*:  
 'And last of all, place your turkey in the body of an *Outarde* (a species of wild turkey or goose) and fill the interstices with *Lucca Chestnuts*, force meat, and a savory stuffing.  
 'Having thus prepared your roast, put it into a pot sufficiently large, with onions *piqués* with cloves, carrots, chopped ham, celery, a bouquet of thyme and parsley, *mignonette*, several slices of fat pork well salted. Pepper, salt, fine spices, coriander, and one or two sprigs of garlic. Then seal this pot hermetically with a strip of paste or clay and place it on a slow fire where the heat will penetrate it gradually, and let it remain twenty-four hours. Then uncover it; 'degraissez' it, if necessary, and serve on a hot plate.  
 'It is easy to imagine that the juices of so many different fowls amalgamated thoroughly by this slow process of cooking, and their different principles be coming so identified each with the other by this close connection, would give to this unequalled dish a most wonderful flavor in which you have combined the quintessence of the plain, the forest, the marsh, and the barn-yard.'

And all this is to be done in a country celebrated for *the wretchedness of its food*! Perhaps Mr. 'SHERRY-COBBLER' can name for me a season during which the Baltimoreans will be enabled to produce an equal variety. Perhaps he can; but until he does, he will pardon me if I dare to disagree with him in his opinion of France, 'La Belle France,' being such a 'God-forgotten country' as he would have us believe.

Let me not be understood, however, as being desirous of finding fault with Baltimore and its gastronomical treasures. (May Heaven avert such a calamity!) On the contrary, she is entitled to all my respect and veneration, not only for her canvass-back ducks, her fine oysters, and her beautiful celery, to say nothing of her pretty girls and hospitable citizens; but she happens to be 'the spot where I was born.' Nor do I censure him for his extravagant praise of the good things he gets at GUY'S, for to my certain knowledge, there is no place in this country where the dainties of the latitude are served with so much care and taste; plain to be sure, and all the better perhaps for that, but always carefully cooked and good. But 'I do object' to his wholesale denunciation of a country which has been from time immemorial,



'the Paradise of Gourmands,' and a science which ranks, in the opinion of all 'sensible men,' on a par with medicine! 'Wretchedness of the food' forsooth! Why let me tell you, my 'cobbler' friend, that in Paris the products of the four quarters of the globe are *always* to be had; and the time is not far distant when a canvass-back duck will be less of a 'rara avis in Paris' than in many cities nearer home. 'I *do* object' also to his styling the generous and rich wines of the glorious Rhine 'acid tippie.' But, 'horror of horrors!' listen to his profanity:

'YET it was not that *sherry* there plenty was seen,  
In beakers of crystal, or *bottles so green*?'

'Golden Sherry in green bottles! Chateau Margaux in a horse-bucket as soon! But what can be expected from a gourmand (?) who writes such poetry and makes assertions like the following:

'T WAS not ale or porter, *that I loved to swill*—  
Oh no! 't was a '*cobbler*,' more exquisite still!

Dear 'box' in the 'basement,' how calm can I rest,  
On the bench in thy corner — for *there* I doze best,  
When the jingling of knives, forks, and glasses shall cease,  
And I nod on my bosom, and slumber in peace!

Dear soul! he has gone to sleep! May he long enjoy his slumbers; and when next he awakens, let his first prayer be for the extension of his knowledge of 'Gastronomy and God's truth! Now 'let him slide,' and let us to dinner.

'As I was remarking when you interrupted me:' to expatiate on the merits of this dinner would be time lost. We may as well therefore plunge 'in medias res,' and let it speak for itself. There was no bill of fare shown, but as each dish was sent up, a very neat card, with the name and description of the dish on it, was handed to the presiding genius, who passed it round the table. There was therefore 'no stay of execution,' for each 'convive' took his portion of the 'present,' fearing the 'future' would not be so much to his taste. What their appetites and capabilities were, you may judge, when I tell you an anchorite would have starved on the remnants! 'But neighbor VERGES will be talking,' and I am again straying from my dinner. Now for it. As I am a little different from 'Guy,' and do sometimes 'defile my bill of fare, (which is a *carte*) with a French or a Frenchified name,' you will permit me to write it in a 'foreign slang:'

'CARTE DU DINER, POUR DIX COUVERTS.'

POTAGE.	Purée de Volaille, à la Royale.
RELEVÉS.	Saumon à la Navarin, grosse piece, garnie d'atelets.
	Tête de Veau, à la Ré-union.
ENTRÉES ET ENTREMETS DE LÉGUMES.	Côtelettes d'agneau, sautées aux petits pois. Epinards au jus.
	Ris de Veau, à la sauce tomate.
	Celeri à l'Espagnole.
	Petites Timballes de foies gras, à la Financière.
	Pommes de terre à la maitre d'Hotel.
	Salmi de Becassines, au fumet de Champagne.
	Macedoine de Légumes.
RÔTI ET SALADE.	Chapon, aux Truffes.
	Salade d'Homards en Mayonnaise.
ENTREMETS DE DOUCEUR.	Soufflée de fécula, à la Vanille.
	Gelée au 'Rhum de Sims.'
	Crème à la Chantilly.
	Blancmanger.
	Glace à l'Orange en forme d'un aigle.
	Dessert.
	Café.
	Liqueur.

'The wines used were from the best private stocks Philadelphia can boast of, and consisted principally of Madeiras, 'so old that you cannot count their years.' I am well aware that there are many bills of fare which to 'the ears of the groundlings' would sound far more musical. To them I have no answer to make; but 't is from 'the judicious few' that I expect my reward; and when they take into consideration the fact that this dinner was gotten up during lent, the very worst season of the year, they will be forced to allow this 'carte' a position in the front rank.'

J. M. S.

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN: SECOND NOTICE.—We resume our imperfect notice of some of the more prominent pictures in the National Academy; premising merely, that there are numbers of which we should be glad to speak, and of which we had intended to make mention, that we must pass wholly by; partly for the reason that we have not space, and partly because our readers in various and distant parts of the country will find little attraction in mere descriptions of paintings which they will have no opportunity of seeing. But to the exhibition: W. S. MOUNT, in Number 131, 'Recollections of Early Days, or Fishing Along Shore,' has given us a characteristic Long-Island 'south-side' scene; but full as it is of expression and character, it is very indifferently colored, especially the shadowless landscape. The amphibious negro-woman in the boat, however, is 'one of 'em, and no mistake;' and the boy and dog are well painted. Mr. MOUNT has several other pictures, but none so noteworthy as this. . . . Mr. OSGOOD's pictures (Numbers 144, 231, 229,) show great improvement upon those heretofore exhibited. One could wish however that he would not ransack theatrical wardrobes for his draperies. His pictures in this regard smack too strongly of the milliner's shop. . . . Our old friend PAGE has three portraits in the exhibition, drawn in his usual style of excellence. We think he has mistaken the later tone of his coloring. We could hardly help saying, while looking upon Number 30, that if the subject were not 'blue' when he was sitting for his picture, it must have been painted by moonlight. Numbers 81 and 147 are less objectionable in this respect; or perhaps their position renders the peculiarity less apparent. The face of the lady is admirably natural and life-like, in every thing save the tone of color. . . . Mr. J. T. PEELE is a new exhibitor, but we hope often to see his productions hereafter. His 'Girl and Rabbits,' Number 22, is a most pleasing picture. A curious change is observable in it, however, at a little distance off. The rabbit on the right looks precisely like a sentimental duck, his ears being transformed into an unexceptionable bill! Number 219, 'The Seamstress,' is justly a favorite with all visitors. It is a most truthful illustration of the very spirit of Hood's 'Song of the Shirt.' In the weak eyes, the despairing attitude, of the only figure, and the simple accessories of the poor apartment, there is abundant 'material for tears.' Truly an excellent picture. . . . Mr. RANNEY is a young artist who is steadily improving. His 'Match-Boy,' Number 192, is a very good thing indeed. . . . Mr. ROSSITER stands 'Number One' in the catalogue, at all events; and indeed his picture is in many respects a very good one; but such an idea of painting every thing red 'bangs the copper.' Mr. ROSSITER should come home. He has been so long in Italy copying the old masters, that he imitates their dirt and dust exactly. The same may be said of GRAY, BROWN, and others of our artists, who stay too long abroad, and forget that there is such a thing in existence as simple nature. . . . Mr. SPENCER paints

very respectable portraits, as his portion of the exhibition will evince; but he has also astonished the public this time with something in the historical line — ‘Don Quixotte in his Study.’ It is a curious-looking thing; mahogany face, mahogany dress, mahogany dog! We are not sufficiently well versed in the terms of art to say technically what this picture requires, but it wants *something* very much. . . . Mr. SWAIN has two clever portraits. The drapery in Number 193 is especially well done. . . . JESSE TALBOT has very perceptibly improved. He has a fine feeling for nature, and loves his art. His landscapes this year are better than any we have ever seen from his pencil. Number 77, ‘Lake Champlain,’ is quiet in tone and color, and a very pleasing picture. . . . Mr. C. G. THOMPSON has four pictures in the exhibition, the most pleasing of which are Numbers 76, ‘JULIET, in the Balcony Scene,’ and 322, a good portrait of the artist’s wife. Mr. THOMPSON, however, has never, to our thinking, exceeded his admirable portraits of BRYANT and LONGFELLOW. . . . Mr. TERRY has returned from Italy, after an absence of several years, with more of the right kind of feeling than our travelling artists generally do. His style is somewhat dry and hard, and he has no great endowment in the way of imagination; yet he draws well, and finishes with a great deal of care. The ‘Fancy Head,’ Number 119, is a very pretty little picture. . . . WALDO AND JEWETT have nine portraits in the Gallery; the best of which are those of our old mayor, STEPHEN ALLEN, and Com. JAMES MACKINTOSH; both absolutely ‘speaking likenesses.’ No artists can give better *likenesses* than these gentlemen; but their outlines are hard, almost invariably. . . . WHAT shall we say of WENZLER? The artists generally condemn his coloring, we find; still the public like his pictures, for seen at the right distance they are life-like. Number 156, ‘Portrait of a Lady,’ we like, although we are at a loss to know whether she is sitting or standing. The back-ground is hard, and the drapery somewhat formal and stiff; yet the head pleases almost every body. The portrait of Rev. Dr. BERRIAN! — ‘*Shadows* to-night have struck more terror!’ etc. . . . MR. WHITRIDGE, of Cincinnati, has sent only one little picture, (Number 271,) and it is the first time he has ever exhibited in this city; but we hope it will not be the last. Look at that water; it beats all we ever saw painted. The clouds too, and the mist rising through the valley, are very beautiful. The hill on the left seemed to us a little formal and stiff; but take it all in all, the picture is a remarkably clever one.

CHILDREN, and ‘children of a larger growth!’ *Niblo’s Garden is open!* Great preparations have been made by the manager to insure a more brilliant campaign than any preceding one. Mr. NIBLO visited Europe for the express purpose of obtaining the aid of the RAYELS, and he succeeded. The elder and junior branches of this talented family have met half-way; the former from their pleasant retreats in France, the latter from South America. Two ‘first-rate’ dancers have also been secured; an Austrian lady, M<sup>lle</sup>. BLANGY, from Vienna, and Mons. EDMUND HENRIE, who has recently made a most successful début in Paris. The whole arrangement of matters will be under the direction of Mr. CHIPPENDALE, himself an admirable actor and a scarcely less effective manager. Other engagements are pending; and should vau-deville form part of the scheme, the first talent, we are well assured, will be presented. A more delightful place of entertainment there is not on this continent than *Niblo’s Garden and Theatre* in the summer solstice. We look to see the exertions of our old and enterprising fellow-citizen adequately rewarded.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — Well, 'constant reader,' you have accompanied us to the end of another of our 'allotted periods,' and are about to commence with us *Our Twenty-Eighth Volume*. Have you been disappointed in us hitherto? Have we fallen short, in letter or spirit, of our promises to you-ward? Let us hope not; but venture to assume the rather, that what we *could* accomplish we *have* accomplished; that from substantial evidence, we are entitled to conclude that you have been something more than satisfied with our exertions to entertain you; and 'such being the case,' we ask you to believe that our forth-coming volume will prove second to no one that has appeared heretofore. Our stores of matériel are abundant, and from the best sources in the country; our aims are high, and we hope in no respect to fall short of them. But by our *performances* let us be judged. . . . The leading article in the present number will arrest the reader's attention. It is translated by an old and esteemed friend, Hon. H. W. ELLSWORTH, our Minister to the Court of Sweden, from MARMIER, the distinguished historian of the French Exploring Expedition which traversed the Northern Seas, and who has written many valuable and interesting letters upon Iceland, Sweden, Denmark, and other portions of Europe, little known, even in these days of incessant travel. In presenting a sketch of the origin, progress and wonders of Lubeck, once the queen-city of the Hanseatic League, our correspondent has chosen a good starting-point in Northern Europe, as he will now follow the gifted writer through his interesting excursions in Norway, Lapland, and other remote regions. As to Sweden, we shall be favored with the result of our correspondent's personal observations. It will not perhaps be deemed improper for us to say a word or two in this place touching our obliging correspondent. Mr. ELLSWORTH is the grandson of Chief-Justice ELLSWORTH, and Hon. E. GOODRICH, of New-Haven; two of the wisest and best men of our country, whose children all bear the stamp of intellectual greatness for which their fathers have been so pre-eminently distinguished. As a student, he took Bishop BERKLEY's medal at Yale, for his attainments in Greek and the philosophy of PLATO. He removed to Indiana, where he has distinguished himself as an orator and politician; and although the youngest man ever appointed to a foreign court, was recommended to the President by every constituted authority of the State of Indiana, now the sixth state in the Union; by its Governor and Lieutenant-Governor, its Senate and House of Representatives, its Chief and Associate Justices, as well as by distinguished men of other sections of the country. Such is the character of our distinguished correspondent, who we are confident will well sustain the honor of our country as one of its foreign representatives, and the character of the distinguished family to which he has the honor to belong. . . . We find the following precious bit of pious twattle in the '*Ladies' Repository and Gatherings of the West*,' a monthly Methodist magazine, published at Cincinnati, and edited by E. THOMPSON. In praising a communication in its pages, he says: 'Our contributor gives us one recommendation which we cannot indorse. We mean his advice to youth to read the writings of WASHINGTON IRVING; but he would have the entire advantage of us in a controversy on this point, for we have never read a page of that learned American novelist's fascinating productions, unless we may have met with some of his sketches in the periodicals. We have serious doubts whether they are admissible as books for the young. They belong to a pernicious class, and awaken a desire for the more objectionable novels.'

Our pharisaical contemporary seems to glory alike in his ignorance and his stupidity ; and we think our readers will agree with us, that he has a great deal of both to be thankful for. But one cannot be angry with *such* a commentator. . . . We do not greatly affect that obstreperous patriotism which is always obtruding, without hint or cause, a tone of national vain-glorying into all circles ; but we *are* pleased to see now and then a well-aimed home-thrust made *applicable* to those who are perpetually sneering at Americans and American institutions. A capital hit was lately given by the '*Courier and Enquirer*' daily journal to a Montreal editor, who in noticing the demise at that city of an old Hessian who was in BURGOYNE's army when he surrendered, remarked, that while he was one of the last relics of the old war to be found in the British dominions, 'every man that lived in the United States at that time must have been a soldier, as 'revolutionary heroes' enough had died here since then to form an army as large as that of XERXES.' The *Courier* rejoins: 'The Montreal editor seems to be very much astonished that so many 'revolutionary heroes' should have died in the United States since the war, whereas but very few are to be found in Canada. Perhaps the latter died *during* the war ! We offer the suggestion for the *Courier's* consideration.' In the way of patriotic satire in this kind, however, we have seen nothing better than a cool little poem addressed '*To John Bull*,' in a late number of the 'St. Louis (Missouri) Gazette.' We annex a few very provoking stanzas :

I WONDER, JOHN, if you forget, some sixty years ago,  
When we were very young, JOHN, your head was white as snow ;  
You did n't count us much, JOHN, and thought to make us run,  
But found out your mistake, JOHN, one day at Lexington.

And when we asked you in, JOHN, to take a cup of tea,  
Made in Boston harbor, JOHN, the tea-pot of the free,  
You did n't like the party, JOHN, it was n't quite select,  
There were some *aborigines*, you did n't quite expect.

You did n't like their manners, JOHN, you could n't stand their tea,  
And thought it got into their heads, and made them quite too free ;  
But you got very tipsy, JOHN, (you drink a little still,)  
The day you march'd across the Neck, and ran down Bunker Hill.

You acted just like mad, JOHN, and tumbled o'er and o'er,  
By your stalwart Yankee son, who handled half a score.  
But now I hope you're sober, JOHN, you're far too fat to run,  
You have n't got the legs, JOHN, you had at Bennington !

You had some corns upon your toes, CORNWALLIS, that was one,  
And at the fight at Yorktown, why then you could n't run ;  
You tried quite hard, I will admit, and threw away your gun,  
And gave your sword, fie JOHN, for shame ! to one GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Another much-loved spot, JOHN, such sweet associations,  
When you were going down to York to see your rich relations ;  
The Dutchmen of the Mohawk, JOHN, anxious to entertain,  
Put up some 'GATES' that stopped you, JOHN, on Saratoga's plain.

That hill you must remember, JOHN, 't is high and very green ;  
We mean to have it lithographed, and send it to your Queen ;  
I know you love that hill, JOHN, you dream of it a-nights,  
The name it bore in '76, was simply Bemis' Heights.

Your old friend ETHAN ALLEN, JOHN, of Continental fame,  
Who called you to surrender, in 'Great JEHOVAH's' name ;  
You recognised the 'Congress,' then, authority most high,  
The morn he called so early, JOHN, and took from you Fort Ti !

I know you'll grieve to hear it, JOHN, and feel quite sore and sad,  
To learn that ETHAN's dead, JOHN, and yet there's many a lad,  
Growing in his highland home, that's fond of guns and noise,  
And gets up just as early, JOHN, those brave Green Mountain Boys.

'Oh no, we never mention it;' we never thought it lucky.  
The day you charged the cotton-bags and got into Kentucky:  
I thought you knew Geography, but misses in their teens  
Will tell you that Kentucky lay, just then, below Orleans.

The 'beauty' it was there, JOHN, behind the cotton bags,  
But did you get the booty, JOHN? — somehow my memory flags;  
I think you made a 'swap,' JOHN, I've got it in my head,  
Instead of gold and silver, you took it in cold lead!

The mistress of the Ocean, JOHN, she could n't rule the Lakes;  
You had some GANDERS in your fleet, but JOHN, you had no 'DRAKES';  
Your choicest spirits, too, were there, you took your hock and sherry;  
But, JOHN, you could n't stand our fare, you could n't take our PERRY!

And so forth; all which we thought of, and repeated the other day, while standing *omnes solus* on the green old fortifications thrown up on Brooklyn Heights, near East Brooklyn, when the ground now occupied by our noble sister city had scarcely a dwelling on it. As we looked down upon the hundred steeples, turrets and domes of the combined cities, looming through their pale-blue smoky canopy; upon the forests of masts and 'carnival of flags;' upon ships sweeping seaward, and vessels entering our unrivalled bay; and the vast inland stretching on either hand — excuse us, but we could n't help exclaiming: 'Thank Heaven, we are an American! — that this 'is our own our native land!' — this glorious 'Empire' our native State?' . . . A TOWN CORRESPONDENT writes us, in reply to an inquiry in our last, that 'CHARLES LAMB originated the term, 'He is n't any thing else,' in his memorable answer to the question of COLERIDGE: 'CHARLES, did you ever hear me preach?' To which LAMB answered: 'I never heard you *do any thing else*.' . . . The '*Montreal Herald*' of a recent date says that 'A member of the 'free and enlightened' was fined five pounds at a Liverpool police court, for beating a black boy. 'Here's a pretty land of liberty,' said the enraged and disgusted Yankee; 'here's a pretty land of liberty, where a man can't larrup his own nigger!' To which the '*New-York Express*' retorts: 'Almost as bad, this, as a free-born Briton we ken of, who, taking his wife out into the streets of New-York, with a rope round her neck, offered her to the highest bidder. Being arrested by the police for his brutality, 'Here's a pretty land of liberty,' said the outraged and disgusted JOHN BULL, 'here's a pretty land of liberty, where a man can't sell his own wife!' A man was brought before a magistrate not many months since in London, for kicking his donkey so long and so severely that he dropped down in the street. 'Things now-a-days,' said the enraged offender, 'have come to a pretty pass, if a man can't kick his own ass when he likes!' The magistrate thought differently, and mulcted him in a heavy fine for his cruelty. We observe too that in Boston recently a person named JACOB CLOUGH was fined eighty dollars and sentenced to four months imprisonment for cruelly whipping a pair of horses which he had overloaded. A most righteous retribution. . . . THERE is a curious document in a late '*Fredonia Censor*,' describing the progress of common school education in Chautauque county, particularly in *Busti*, ('BUSTI!' what an euphonious name!) from the pen of Mr. WORTHY PUTNAM, county superintendent of common schools. Mr. PUTNAM may be a very 'worthy' man, but he had better give over writing reports. His style is not quite equal to ADDISON's, although a good deal more ambitious: Hear him: 'Where was the Ellington Center school, that day? Echo answers where! Where is the interest that should be felt in that village in its Common School? Echo answers *not there!* Where is the school-house, the temple of science, of that village? Echo says, away up by the side of the road, an old, dirty, crazy, ragged, rotten thing;



a place where the noble and intelligent children of Ellington Center are educated at. How many elegant churches are there in that district? Echo replies *four*, surrounding the public square, adding dignity and beauty to the village. The parent might exclaim, as he wends his way to the church: '*Here I worship my God, and away up there I educate my children!*' Worthy PUTNAM! . . . Our Wilmington (Del.) correspondent's letter might have been written in the Castle of Indolence. Wake up, man! or your promise, which you are so capable of fulfilling, will never be performed:

'THE dial-plate warns you that minutes are fleeting;  
Each pulse but wears out the heart that is beating;  
Each tick of the clock is ever repeating,  
'Up and be doing! for Night draweth on!'

PUNCH has not seemed to us quite so sparkling lately as he was aforetime. Here are a brace of paragraphs, however, which partake of the 'old leaven.' The first is termed 'A Glut of Comets,' and the second is among the items embraced in the latest 'Comet Intelligence.'

'CONSIDERABLE confusion is likely to arise from the recent increase in the number of comets. Almost every arrival from abroad brings intelligence of some continental astronomer having discovered a new comet. The public ought to receive with considerable caution all announcements of this nature; for nothing is easier than to palm off a flash of lightning, or some other eccentric piece of luminous matter, on the generality of the public as a genuine and *bonâ fide* comet. Beside, there are many persons who never trouble themselves to look farther than the newspaper report; and if they see a little descriptive jargon about latitudes and degrees, with s. s. e. and n. e. mysteriously interwoven with the account, they take it for granted that the whole account is accurate. We should advise that every new light, alleged to be a comet, should be regularly brought up for examination before a committee of qualified astronomers, as a preliminary to its admission among the rest of the recognized luminous bodies. We remember a light on a very elevated position in Vauxhall Gardens enjoyed for a whole season the reputation of a newly-discovered fixed star, in consequence of some noodle having detected it at the end of his telescope, and written to the papers to announce the result of his nocturnal observation. It was not until the close of the season that the mistake was discovered. We should not wonder at some of the new comets turning out to be something of the kind alluded to.'

'COMET INTELLIGENCE.—The telescope in Leicester-Square has been reaping a good harvest lately, owing to the rush into the market of so many new Comets. The astronomer at the head of it is to be heard of an evening calling out, 'Just up, a new Comet, in capital condition. There is likewise, Gentlemen, a tail after the Comet, in very good cut. A fine fresh Comet also ready at eight o'clock, and another will be served up, with the milky-way, at ten. The charge is only one penny.' The customers at this Comet-ordinary are very numerous. It is not unusual to hear a gentleman say, 'I'll take the Comet after you, Sir.'

MESSRS. HENRY LONG AND BROTHER have established at No. 32 Ann-street, near the 'Mirror' office, an agency for the supply of all country orders for every article in the *Book and Publication Line*, at publisher's prices. Their New-York and Philadelphia references are of the highest respectability; and we can answer for them, that all business entrusted to them will be faithfully and expeditiously transacted. They are honorable and enterprising young gentlemen, who will deserve all the encouragement they may receive. . . . 'Why did you speak,' writes a town-correspondent, 'of Mr. F. W. EDMONDS as an 'amateur artist?' Although not a 'professional painter,' in the strict sense of the term, (for his arduous financial duties as chief officer of one of our first banking institutions preclude the necessary devotion to his art,) Mr. EDMONDS can yet hardly be called 'an amateur,' for his pictures are always speedily demanded, and all that he has consented to sell have brought high prices.' We stand corrected. . . . A CORRESPONDENT writes us from Danville, in our 'Empire State:' 'Miss NANCY HINKS, and the anonymous author of 'Lines on Niagara Falls,' are doubtless well enough in their way; but their empire in western New-York must be farther divided with the author of the enclosed stanzas. You may add them to your cabinet of poetical curiosities if you choose. If you think proper to 'gossip' the fame of the author, he deserves the immortality you would

confer.' The lines referred to are entitled: 'N. N. HERRICK a short Scetch of his Expiecnce and on the death of two wives and his beloved Daughter Sarah. F. who was drowned April 2. Windham. L. M.' As you have the tune, reader, suppose you proceed to sing the subjoined stanzas:

About the age of twenty-one  
My Marriage State was then begun  
With one who loved her Savior dear  
She lived with me but sixteen year

Three daughters and one son he gave  
Then Christ to her in mercy Came  
And took her to the worlds a bove  
Where all is joy and peace and love

To help me on the Cares of life  
I married me another wife  
Three Children she did bringue with her  
One more was aded which was four

Nine years She lived and Some months more  
Before she left this Earthly shore  
I then was left to moarn a gain  
But hope my loss was her rich gain

Eight Children then was left to me  
Three sorts they was and that you see  
Two wives is in Eternity  
O, Come my friends and pity me

And now the second scene is past  
The Lord was good to me at last  
A third Companion and a friend  
For a short time to me did lend

But O my friends what Shall I say  
About poor Sarah on the way  
My heart with Soorow all most broke  
When I received this heavy Stroke

Through great afflictions deep and wide  
I have passed through Since Sarah died  
But O the Solem doleful Knell  
When I first saw her in the well

I then did run as for my life  
And told it to my loving wife  
Then Sigs and groans I soon did hear  
And also Saw the purly tear

I then did turn and try to Save  
Poor Sarah from her watery grave  
But O alas twas all in Vain  
Her life and breath did not remain

Her Sister youngue and Verry dear  
Came to the well and Shed a tear  
Then to a neighbor She did run  
Before the rising of the Sun

Her heart was Swelled with grief and woe  
Before She Started for to go  
Her Errand then She Could not tell  
About poor Sarah in the well

They herd her groans and heavy Sigs  
Before they Started for to rise  
They Spared no pangs they ran in haste  
Relieved me of my Cold Embrace

When I decended in the well  
My feelings then no tongue Can tell  
I reached my arm low in her grave  
My dearest daughter for to Save

This was a dreadful Scene indeed  
My Heart and Soal did all most bleed  
To think a daughter youngue and fair  
To death was laid a victim there

In Eighteen Hundred forty four  
April the Second and no more  
Her Spirit Spread her wings in haste  
Ascended to the god of grace

Twenty Short years and Six months more  
She lived upon this Earthly Shore  
Eight days to that is all the time  
Her body did her Soul Confine

Six years of that and some a bove  
Jesus She did profess to love  
Yes for his love and for his Sake  
Was baptised in the Crooked Lake

If any one of the numerous families in the metropolis, upon whose parlor-table this Magazine 'disports' itself during the month, should be desirous of adding choice and tasteful accessories to their dinners of state, they will find in Mr. Rowe, at his new and popular establishment, 507 Broadway, a most valuable and competent caterer. He is not second to the best of his class in town; being *au fait* to all the secrets of the *art de cuisine*, and in the matter of beautiful ices, creams, jellies, blanchmanges, etc., is esteemed preëminent. He has 'covered himself with glory' by being the first artist in town who made that matchless 'beverage,' as a friend of ours terms it, 'Charlotte de Russé.' Mr. Rowe will deserve, and deserving, we doubt not will receive, a liberal share of public patronage. . . . As a set-off to the lines in preceding pages, '*Death on the Battle-Field*,' we beg leave to offer the following admirable stanzas; regretting only that our readers in all parts of the Union cannot be favored to hear our friend JOHN WILSON, the young 'Laird o' the Wallabout,' (a worthy representative of the country and the musical powers of his name-sake of blessed 'Amilie' memory,) sing them in 'the spirit and the understanding.' It would enable them to appreciate what we, in common with many other equally

delighted and far better musically-informed auditors, have often richly enjoyed. Both the words and the air are 'beautiful exceedingly':

'It is not on the battle-field  
That I would wish to die;  
It is not on a broken shield  
I'd breathe my latest sigh:

'And though a soldier knows not how  
To dread a soldier's doom,  
I ask no laurel for my brow,  
No trophy for my tomb!

'It is not that I scorn the wreath  
A soldier proudly wears;  
It is not that I fear the death  
A soldier proudly dares:

'When slaughtered comrades round me lie,  
I'd be the last to yield;  
But yet I would not wish to die  
Upon the battle-field!

'When faint and bleeding in the fray,  
Oh! still let me retain  
Enough of life to find my way  
To this sweet vale again!

'For like the wounded weary dove  
That flutters to its nest,  
I fain would reach my own dear love,  
And die upon her breast.'

ONE of the most admirable miniatures we remember to have seen for many months is the portrait of a young and lovely daughter of a distinguished scientific 'Professor' of this metropolis — a man of 'infinite wit and most excellent fancy.' It is from the pencil of Mr. THOMAS S. OFFICER, and in drawing, tone, color, general likeness, and sweet disposition of drapery, is a performance so faultless as to reflect the highest honor upon the artist. It has none of the brushy, 'scumbling' appearance of miniatures in general, but more resembles a finished oil-painting. . . . THE '*Grimalkin Ballad*' is something too long for the subject. A single stanza we think will suffice for the 'public in general':

'ITTE is the witchynge houre of nighte,  
The moone ande starres are beamyng brighte,  
A CATTE sittes on a house-top high,  
And wrathfullye dothe gleame his eye:  
His taile hee wisketh thorough the aire,  
Erecteth on his back his haire;  
His voice is hearde in a lowe deepe yelle,  
That riseth againe with a stronger swelle:  
Miaou! oo! oo! — waou! oo! oo! oo!'

ONE of the 'sights' of the city, and by no means the least attractive one, is the *National Miniature Gallery*, at the corner of Broadway and Murray-street. What an array is there of heads! — poets, painters, statesmen and heroes; the evidence of truth stamped on each likeness. MESSRS. ANTHONY, CLARK and COMPANY have recently made some very important alterations in their *modus operandi*, which are deserving of especial notice, as they supply all that daguerreotypes have hitherto lacked — an artistic arrangement of light and shade. The '*National Miniature Gallery*' is one of the metropolitan 'lions,' and will as well repay a visit as any museum in town. . . . THE following original lines were recently copied by a friend from an album in Philadelphia, in which they were written by the great tragedian, EDMUND KEAN, in 1826, more than twenty years ago:

'THE actor's life, a sea of ceaseless trouble,  
The actor's fame, an empty, child-blown bubble;  
Wafted by Folly's breath into the air,  
Destroyed by blasts of Envy or Despair;  
Floats on the breeze like Nautilus on the main,  
Bursts into air, and ne'er is seen again!'

SEVERAL new publications were received too late for notice in the present number. Among them is MUMFORD's superb edition of HOMER's '*Iliad*,' MRS. FARNHAM's '*Life in Prairieland*,' and HADDOCK's '*Addresses and Miscellaneous Writings*.' Mr. HEADLEY's volumes, '*NAPOLEON and his Marshals*,' together with the above, will receive attention in our next issue, as well as five or six pages of deferred '*Gossip*,' in type.

LITERARY RECORD.—The last volume of MESSRS. CAREY AND HART'S '*Modern British Essayists*' embraces the '*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of THOMAS NOON TALFOURD*,' author of '*Ion*,' a second American edition, with additional articles never before published in this country; together with '*Critical and Miscellaneous Essays*,' by JAMES STEPHENS, in the same volume. An authentic portrait of TALFOURD, in mezzo-tint by SARTAIN, after Sir THOMAS LAWRENCE, prefaces the work. From the same house we have, in two handsome volumes, '*Cooper's Naval Biography*,' clearly and attractively written, and embracing the names of PAUL JONES, WOOLSEY, PERRY, DALE, BAINBRIDGE, SOMERS, SHUBRICK, and PREBLE. . . . A TIMELY work, authentic and well written, is furnished to us by A. S. BARNES AND COMPANY, in the '*Life of General Winfield Scott*,' by EDWARD D. MANSFIELD, Esq. At the moment that this gallant officer is proceeding to Texas to take command of the American forces, this work will be read with increased interest. A noble portrait of the General, by PRUD'HOMME, after a painting by WEIR, fronts the title-page. . . . MESSRS. APPLETON AND COMPANY have published the best '*Pronouncing Dictionary in French and English*' that has ever appeared in any country. We never saw so admirable and comprehensive a work of its kind. It is in two parts, French and English and English and French; the first comprising words in common use, terms connected with science, and belonging to the fine arts, four thousand historical names, the same number of geographical ones, and eleven thousand terms lately published, with the pronunciation of every word, according to the French Academy and the most eminent lexicographers and grammarians, together with seven hundred and fifty critical remarks, in which the various methods of pronouncing employed by different authors are investigated and compared with each other; the second part containing a copious vocabulary of English words and expressions, with the pronunciation according to WALKER, the whole preceded by a comprehensive system of French pronunciation. This work, the result of more than six years constant labor, is a living monument to the author, GABRIEL SURENNE, French Teacher in Edinburgh. . . . THE twelfth number of 'APPLETON'S Literary Miscellany,' a new series of choice books, contains '*The People*,' by M. MICHELET, Professor of History in the College of France, Member of the Institute, and author of '*The History of France*,' '*Life of LUTHER*,' etc. We lack present leisure and space to do justice to this truly excellent work, but we shall take an early occasion to consider its merits. 'I have made this book,' says the author, 'out of myself, out of my life, and out of my heart.' It is born of my experience much more than of my studies. I have derived it from observation, from my relations of friendship and of neighborhood; have picked it up on the roads; above all, I have found it in the recollections of my youth. To know the life of the people, their labors and their sufferings, I had but to interrogate my memory. For I too have labored with my hands, and have learned the true name of modern man, that of workman, in more senses than one. Before making books I composed them as printer. I have arranged letters before arranging ideas.' It is with such advantages and in such a spirit that the volume is written. . . . FROM the BROTHERS HARPER we have the first number of a very handsome serial publication, the '*Pictorial History of England*,' to be profusely illustrated with many hundred engravings on wood. It is to be completed in some forty numbers, at twenty-five cents each, three or four numbers to be issued monthly. The work is beautifully printed, and the engravings are excellent. It will present a history of the people as well as a history of the kingdom; the progress of the country and its inhabitants; political movements and changes, foreign and domestic wars, the whole derived from original authorities and other authentic monuments of the past, compared with, and read by, the light of the latest inquiries by which the critical spirit of modern times has illustrated ancient annals. The same publishers give us '*Discourses and Essays by Dr. Merle D'Aubigné*,' a handsome volume, containing some seventeen fugitive papers by the well-known author of the '*History of the Reformation*.' The volume is translated by a son of the Rev. Dr. BAIRD, who furnishes an interesting sketch of the distinguished author. . . . '*Recollections of Mexico*, by Waddy Thompson, Esq., (our late Minister to Mexico.) is the title of a volume just issued by Messrs. WILEY AND PUTNAM. The publication of this work is most timely. It contains a description of the customs, scenes and peculiarities of the country, written in an easy, natural, flowing style, and with evident regard to entire authenticity and correctness. It will afford the reader an accurate *coup d'œil* of the country, and all its peculiarities, physical and social. We may take future occasion to present several of the entertaining extracts which we pencilled while reading this very entertaining volume.' . . . WE have before us the second number of the second volume of the '*Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline and Philanthropy*,' an excellent publication, which will afford us occasion for some farther remark hereafter. It is enriched with a good copy of INMAN's picture of an old and highly esteemed friend, the benevolent ROBERTS VAUX.